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CAPTAIN PISTOL

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

Pictures by GEORGE GIBBS

FAME was thrust upon Captain Pistol,—known to the world in general as Captain Charles Arthur Pierpont Bellenden, of the Royal Navy, and to his subordinates in the service as Prayerful Charles.

This last name came from a habit, contracted when Captain Bellenden was a First Lieutenant, of using a profusion of the most choice and picturesque maledictions that ever came from the mouth of man. This habit prevailed only when Captain Pistol was at sea. As long as he was on land, or even lying in dock, he was scrupulously careful, and even pious, in his language and conduct. But when the music called the men to the capstan bars the Captain made music of his own, which never ceased until his anchor kissed the ground in a friendly port, when he would become the very pink of naval propriety.

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He was a clean-cut, agile man of forty-five, with a good estate in Hampshire and a brother in the Government, by virtue of which he got the command of the Isis frigate. He distinguished himself greatly in Rodney's action, and was, at the same time, shot through the arm and the leg. On being carried below, after the destruction of De Grasse's fleet had been accomplished, the surgeons with one accord declared that his leg must come off. While they were thus consulting, Captain Bellenden managed to pass the word to his factotum and ex-boatswain, Tom Hacker, and when the doctors returned they were confronted by a pistol in the Captain's left hand, which he managed with considerable dexterity.

"The first man who puts a saw to that leg gets his head blown off," said the Captain. The doctors concluded it was not imperative that the leg should come off that day.

After that, his pistols, loaded and primed, were his companions by night and by day, and as he speedily acquired very good use of his left arm, and was naturally a singularly expert shot, the doctors always named the next week as the time when the leg must positively come off.

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When the fleet returned to Portsmouth and Captain Bellenden was taken to the hospital, Tom Hacker and the pistols were always within reach. The surgeons there told him the same story,—his leg must come off,—and the Captain's reply was the same he had made the surgeons on the Isis. It never failed of effect.

Now, the Captain had a reason,—whether good or bad, it was sufficient,—for his conduct. He had been intending for ten years to offer his hand to Lucy Burnham, the only daughter of Admiral Burnham. She was no longer in her first youth, but still handsome, charming, and a model of devotion to her old father. For ten years Captain Bellenden had watched and waited his chance, but the Admiralty seemed to have a malignant spite against his love affair. Every time he was at Portsmouth long enough to make headway,—Admiral Burnham's house was a little way out of the town,—the Admiralty would send him somewhere else at the critical moment. His first thought, when he was shot, was of Lucy Burnham. He had no notion of offering himself to her if he had to do so under jury masts, as it were, and so, with Lucy Burnham as the prize in view, he obstinately held on to his shattered leg.

He lay many weeks in the hospital at Portsmouth. His wounded right arm got better, but by an unfortunate accident it became stiff, and this made the Captain cling the more tenaciously to his unlucky leg.

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At last he determined to go to his own place, Bellenden Lodge, not very far from Portsmouth, to be under the charge of Doctor MacWheen, a Scotch doctor in the parish. With much pain and difficulty the journey was made, Tom Hacker and the pistols attending. Tom Hacker had by that time grown very serious.

"I'm afeerd the Cap'n has got more'n a game leg the matter with him," he mournfully declared to Doctor MacWheen, the day of their arrival at Bellenden Lodge. "He ain't got no life at all,—don't never d——n my eyes, nor say nothin' encouragin' like. He allus was pious when he were ashore, but I never knowed it could last like this."

Doctor MacWheen examined the Captain's leg, and going out, cheerily returned with all the paraphernalia of the period,—1782,—for cutting off legs.

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Captain Bellenden coolly watched the Doctor's preparations, and, when they were concluded, drew out a pistol from under his pillow, and leveling it, said:

"If you touch that leg with any of your d——d contrivances you are a dead man."

Doctor MacWheen thought it a good sign when Captain Bellenden returned to the use of his customary language, and went on with his preparations calmly.

"I shall count six," continued Captain Bellenden; "and if you have not left off by the time I say six I shall fire."

The Doctor kept on, and Captain Bellenden counted slowly:

"One! Two! Three! Four! Five! *Six!*"

Bang! went the pistol, about a foot over the Doctor's head.

Doctor MacWheen grinned. "I heard you could use your left arm almost as well as you could use your right, but hang me if I can't do as well with my old blunderbuss that has not been fired since George II was King. I shall cut your leg off below the knee."

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Captain Bellenden said not a word, but, setting his teeth, bore with unflinching firmness the agony of amputation. When it was over he said to the Doctor: "Promise me that you will keep this a secret."

"I will, if you can," replied the Doctor.

Captain Bellenden made a rapid recovery, and circumstances favored that secrecy he so much desired. Tom Hacker was the cleverest fellow in the British Navy with a jackknife, and he at once set to work to construct a wooden leg and foot that should have all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of a flesh-and-blood member. He made it of an excellent shape, and then, by the most cunning art, he put leather about it in such a way that it seemed to be no more wooden than the other leg; and, best of all, there was none of that piteous thump! thump! of a wooden leg, so marvelously well had Tom Hacker used leather.

Delighted with his success so far, he proposed other and startling innovations in the new leg, with the result that for the next month his whole time and Captain Bellenden's whole attention were concentrated on this leg.

For some time after the Doctor had fitted the leg on the stump Captain Bellenden practiced walking only in the house, and, being remarkably lithe and active, he soon walked amazingly well. When, the first Sunday, he appeared at church and walked up the aisle,—his black silk breeches and stockings showing, as ever, his neatly turned leg and foot,—he received many congratulations on having saved his leg from the doctors. A slight stiffness and almost imperceptible halt were all that were perceived, and Captain Bellenden assured all inquirers that this was the only inconvenience he felt,—his left leg giving him no pain whatever.

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The next morning Captain Bellenden walked down to Doctor MacWheen's house in the village, followed by Tom Hacker, who seemed to be in an ecstasy of delight. The Doctor was at home, and all three going into his parlor,—the doctor was a widower of long standing,—Tom Hacker mysteriously locked the doors and closed the windows. He then pinned a piece of paper, with a circle drawn in charcoal upon it, on the

"THE FIRST MAN WHO PUTS A SAW TO THAT LEG GETS HIS HEAD BLOWN OFF," SAID THE CAPTAIN

wall, and Captain Bellenden seated himself about ten feet away. Then the Captain, putting his hand in his left breeches pocket, raised his left leg and cried:

"Ready! Right! Oblique! Fire!"

And bang! a pistol ball came from the heel of his boot and struck the charcoal circle full in the middle. Doctor MacWheen nearly fainted with amazement.

"Let me explain it to you!" cried Captain Bellenden, and then, turning down his black silk stocking, he showed, under a leather flap, a flint-lock cleverly fixed. A lanyard in the shape of a stout string passed up his breeches leg to his pocket. A pistol barrel was inside the wooden leg, with the muzzle in the heel of the wooden foot. The Captain gleefully loaded his leg, pulled up his stocking, raised his foot, and put a second ball alongside the first.

"I can only do it at ten paces now," he said. "But wait! I'm improving every day. I can do it standing as well as sitting, though not quite so well,—but wait, wait! I'm practicing."

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The Doctor's Scotch housekeeper wondered what the popping going on in the best parlor meant, and the shrill cackle of the Doctor's laugh, together with the diapason of the Captain's and Tom Hacker's, but, being used to queer happenings, went about her business without any impertinent curiosity.

Captain Bellenden astonished his own household very much by the constancy and secrecy of his pistol practice,—but then, sea officers on shore all have their cranks, thought the domestic staff.

All this time Lucy Burnham had not been out of Captain Bellenden's mind. He was far too honorable a man to conceal from her anything concerning his leg, but he thought it best to prove to her what an excellent substitute he had before admitting his disability. Therefore, he went up to London, and the peace of 1783 being about to be proclaimed, he had no great difficulty in getting the Agamemnon, seventy-four, attached to the Channel Squadron. He received congratulations everywhere on saving his leg in such serviceable condition, all of which he accepted with outward pleasure and a deep inward sheepishness.

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The Agamemnon was a comfortable cruising ship, and the piping times of peace made all things easy. The Captain enjoyed his cruise extremely. So did Tom Hacker. Captain Bellenden had always been fond of pistol practice, but now his officers and men noticed that he spent hours hanging away in his cabin, the door tightly locked. Occasionally he varied the performance by having a target hung up over his quarter gallery, and firing through the stern windows. He was often heard at this, but never seen, until one day Bill Porter, a ne'er-do-well, happening to crawl out in an idle moment on the spanker, came scuttling back, with a white face and more dead than alive. When he reached the forecastle he fell down limp, and to the polite request of the master-at-arms that he get up and go to a very warm region Bill could only gasp out:

"Lord, sir! Oh, Lord! I seen wuss'n the devil just now. I seen the Cap'n a-firin' off his left leg through the cabin port, and——"

"You're in liquor again, you miserable, worthless, haymaking son of a farmer, and I'll know where you get it from or take it out of your hide," shouted the master-at-arms.

Bill protesting that he had not had a drop, s'help him, and there being no evidence of liquor except his extravagant assertion about the Captain's left leg, the master-at-arms merely had him put in the brig, on general principles, for twenty-four hours. On making his report next morning, the master-at-arms said a word which aroused the Captain's suspicions as to the case of Bill Porter. Captain Bellenden demanded to hear the whole story, and his order was:

"Put William Porter in double irons for a week, and any other man who is caught going out on the spanker except under orders."

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At the end of a week in double irons, Bill Porter solemnly swore that he had lied when he said he saw the Captain firing off his left leg out of the cabin window.

At the end of nearly eight months, the Agamemnon's bottom being foul, she was ordered to return to Portsmouth and be docked, an order which Captain Bellenden joyfully obeyed. On a bright June morning the great ship came in under a cloud of canvas, and the very first thing her Captain did, after reporting, was to lay his course for Burnham Hall.

As the post chaise rumbled along Captain Bellenden's thoughts were as rosy as the dawn and as sweet as mignonette. He was not of a nature to apprehend disaster, and he shared the masculine delusion that all he needed to get any woman was to ask her.

"And if that cursed Admiralty will let me stay long enough, Lucy and I may get married," he thought.

He meant to tell her that, but for the troublesome French and the exigent Lords of the Admiralty, he would have asked her long before the peace. And he also intended to tell her all about his left leg, and challenge any man to prove that it was not as good, or better, than the average leg.

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Admiral Burnham was delighted to see Captain Bellenden, who had sailed with him in the long ago, and Captain Bellenden asked after Miss Lucy with a promptness and a pointedness that should have enlightened any father of a charming daughter.

"Lucy is very well indeed," replied the Admiral. "She is in the drawing-room now,

"I seen wuss'n the devil just now"

with Lockyer. You know Lockyer, of the Seahorse. Lost his wife about two years ago, and has six little girls on his hands,—the eldest scarcely fifteen."

A deep disgust settled upon Captain Bellenden's countenance and penetrated to his soul. Lockyer, indeed! He knew the fellow,—a good-looking rascal, but of a hot temper, and—six daughters under fifteen! Surely a most delightful prospect for any woman who would marry him!

Captain Bellenden did not wait to be asked into the drawing-room, but marched himself in without the loss of a moment. There was Lucy, a tall, pretty, black-eyed woman, old enough to have some sense, but young enough to charm any man. And there, too, hanging over Lucy's chair, was Captain Lockyer, with a lovesick air that might have belonged to a beardless ensign, instead of to a grizzled Captain with six daughters under fifteen.

Captain Bellenden swallowed his disgust, and spoke civilly enough to Captain Lockyer, and held Lucy's hand in his long enough to make her blush. Miss Lucy, who had had considerable apprenticeship in naval flirtations, managed to keep her two admirers in tolerably good order, and was just congratulating herself on being shortly rid of her perplexities by the departure of her brace of Captains when the Admiral walked in and invited them both to dinner. They nearly fell over each other in their eagerness to accept.

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Then came a time of terror to poor Lucy. Captain Bellenden had not belied Captain Lockyer in thinking him of an irascible nature,—nor was Captain Bellenden an angel. Each knew the other to be an aspirant for Lucy's heart, and each thought the other a presumptuous dog for it.

How could a fellow with a stiff right arm and a rickety left leg, thought Captain Lockyer,—exaggerating the slight halt in the gait of his rival,—have the impudence to ask a charming woman like Lucy Burnham to marry him? Captain Bellenden's views on the six daughters were equally uncomplimentary. So with difficulty was the peace kept.

When the Captains left, after a most uncomfortable dinner for all, and found themselves returning in separate post chaises along the same road to Portsmouth, each was fuming and raging. And both of them debarking at the dockyard gate, something most unlooked-for happened,—an exchange of words so hot that before they knew what they were doing Captain Lockyer said in a cold, sharp voice:

"Captain Bellenden, if your physical disabilities were not such as to preclude your giving me the satisfaction one gentleman may demand of another, I should call you to account for your language."

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"But my physical disabilities do not prevent me, sir, from either giving or taking satisfaction. I can snuff a candle at twenty paces,—can you do as much?"

"I am not an expert shot," stiffly replied Captain Lockyer. "Since you are, will you be so good as to name a place where very early to-morrow morning I can have a friend to wait on your representative?"

"The Angel Tavern," promptly replied Captain Bellenden, "and at ten o'clock,—the earlier the better."

"Very well, sir," replied Captain Lockyer. "My friend shall be there," and the two men, bowing ceremoniously, parted.

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It had all come about so quickly that Captain Lockyer, walking rapidly along toward the dock where the Seahorse lay,—a great black shadow with ghostly masts and spars,—suddenly came to a dead stop. What had he done? And straightway the picture of his six girls, now motherless, and perhaps soon to be fatherless, was before his eyes like six accusing angels. A hasty word between men old enough to be self-controlled,—a ridiculous rivalry,—perhaps Lucy Burnham would not marry either of them,—and two middle-aged, supposedly sensible men were seeking each other's lives!

In the cabin of the Seahorse Captain Lockyer, with the utmost coolness, extreme remorse, and the greatest distress of mind, prepared for never seeing his six girls again. And in the letter he wrote to be given his children in case of his death he said:

"I solemnly declare that it is my fixed purpose to fire in the air, for I have no thirst for any man's blood,—least of all for one who has injured me so little as Captain Bellenden."

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Captain Bellenden, being rowed out to the Agamemnon in his smart gig, had some of the same thoughts. Only, as he had not six little daughters to think of, his reflections were not so poignant. Being a cooler man than Captain Lockyer, and of a sanguine disposition, he pooh-poohed all danger.

"Lockyer will never fire at me in the world. We have been a couple of old fools, and we will own it the day after to-morrow, and I will show him what I can do with this." Captain Bellenden involuntarily slapped his left leg.

Just as he went over the side of the Agamemnon he almost ran into the arms of Doctor MacWheen.

"Well met!" cried the Captain joyfully, leading the way to the cabin. Here, with bottles and glasses before them, Captain Bellenden explained the status between Captain Lockyer and himself, and asked Doctor MacWheen to act as his friend.

The Doctor agreed, and then, locking the door, the noise of shooting off a pistol was heard repeatedly, each time followed

Tom Hacker was the cleverest fellow in the British Navy with a jack-knife

by a cackle of delight and astonishment from Doctor MacWheen.

The next morning a meeting took place between the Doctor and Lieutenant Jameson, representing Captain Lockyer. Mr. Jameson was disposed to be most conciliatory, but Doctor MacWheen took such a tone that it was plain he meant his man should have a crack at Captain Lockyer. Seeing this, Mr. Jameson made no further advances, but returning to Captain Lockyer on board the Seahorse, reported as much.

"It is very strange," mused Captain Lockyer. "I did not think Bellenden was that sort of a man. I was prepared to meet him half way, but if he wants to fight, by George! I will accommodate him! I suppose he has learned to use a pistol with his left arm," and then the vision of his six little girls rose up to torment him, and he said no more.

The meeting was arranged for the morning after, in a retired place in the country about four miles from the town. It was an exquisite June morning, soon after sunrise, when five gentlemen assembled in a pretty wooded place, where peace and eternal sweetness would seem to abide. But these five men seemed bent on something grewsome,—or rather three of them did, for there was a kind of impish joy in the eyes of both Captain Bellenden and Doctor MacWheen, as if they were assisting at a comedy instead of a tragedy. The surgeon in attendance, a solemn man, was somewhat disgusted by their levity.

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The preliminaries being arranged, the principals were placed back to back, thirty paces apart. Captain Bellenden, contrary to Captain Lockyer's expectation, held his pistol in his right hand, and held it so awkwardly that Captain Lockyer said in a loud voice to Jameson:

"This looks like murder."

Jameson only replied by a look and a shrug, which meant, "It can't be helped. Everything has been done and has failed."

Doctor MacWheen, standing at an equal distance from both men, called out in a steady voice:

"One! Two! Three!"

At "One," Captain Bellenden had put his left hand in his pocket. At "Three" he wheeled as rapidly as Captain Lockyer, whose pistol, straight in the air, sent a bullet heavenward; and at the same moment, Captain Bellenden, balancing himself on his right leg with the agility of an acrobat, raised his left leg, and from it came the "ping" of a pistol shot, and a bullet ploughed its way through the skirt of Captain Lockyer's coat.

A yell of triumph came from Captain Bellenden. He fairly shouted to Doctor MacWheen, "I told you so," and threw away the pistol he held in his right hand.

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Captain Lockyer, a lion-hearted man, turned perfectly green; Jameson turned blue; the surgeon sat down on the ground, his legs refusing to bear him any longer. Doctor MacWheen and Captain Bellenden capered about delightedly.

Captain Bellenden walked up to Captain Lockyer and extended his hand, which Captain Lockyer was too dazed to accept.

"I knew I could do it," cried Captain Bellenden, "and I never had the least fear of your trying to do me any harm. I told you I could snuff a candle at twenty paces,—and I knew I could put a ball through your coat-tail. But isn't it the finest contrivance you ever saw?" And sticking up his leg with an air of triumph he called upon all present to admire it.

All examined the leg with the deepest respect, and Captain Bellenden gave an exhibition of fancy shots that was simply paralyzing, hopping about on his right leg with a disregard of the centre of gravity that was amazing. He then swore the party to secrecy, and they all went jolting back to Portsmouth in an excellent humor.

The close shave that his six little girls had made rather put matrimonial thoughts out of Captain Lockyer's head. Instead of starting instantly for Burnham Hall, he went back to the Seahorse, and with a penitent and thankful heart destroyed the letter he had written his daughters the night before, and wrote them a long and very cheerful one in place of it. Meanwhile Captain Bellenden had made good time to Burnham Hall, and was telling his love in honest sailor fashion to Lucy, who blushed and smiled and shed a few painless tears, and made him very happy.

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"But, Lucy," said her lover, "I can not and will not deceive you in any way;" and then he told her about his leg from the beginning, and that, although he wished all the world except herself to remain in ignorance of his loss, he would conceal nothing from her. He became so interested in his recital, telling about Doctor MacWheen and Tom Hacker, and making a clean breast about the duel, that he did not notice Lucy was becoming paler and paler, and at last, the enthusiasm of the inventor getting the upper hand, he cried:

"And I'll show you, dearest, how it is worked!"

The next moment Bellenden had aimed his leg, and a bullet rushed through the open window, and Lucy Burnham, without a cry

or a sigh, fell over in a dead faint on the floor.

She was some time in recovering herself, and, when she came to, cried and was hysterical, and talked wildly about her lover's left leg, to the amazement of her father and the domestic staff gathered about her. She was assisted to her room, and Captain Bellenden, much perturbed in spirit, went away. Next day she sent for him. When he arrived she was seated on the sofa, and looked white and shaken.

"I have thought over what occurred yesterday, Captain Bellenden," she said softly but firmly, "and I have determined that you must choose between me and that—that leg of yours. If you will agree to have an ordinary one made, and wear it, your infirmity will be no bar to my love. But,—you know the other alternative."

The Captain prized his leg,—but he loved Lucy Burnham. With a gulp of disappointment he replied after a moment:

"Can you ask me what my choice will be?" and kissed her hand.

The leg was duly destroyed the night before Captain Bellenden and Lucy Burnham were married. Tom Hacker was an unwilling assistant, and there was something in his eye which made Captain Bellenden say to him sternly:

"Not a word,—not a word, Tom! She's worth it!"

In some way the story got out, and from that day on Captain Bellenden was known behind his back as Captain Pistol. But the name was not mentioned before his face, for the Captain took his pistol practice with his left arm, and became an expert,—and dueling was still in fashion then. He was very happy with Lucy Burnham, but sometimes he could not repress a sigh when Tom Hacker would begin:

"That first timber leg o' yourn, sir——"

* * *

KIPLING ANECDOTES

Compiled from Contemporaries

How He Uses Words.—Mr. Kipling recently told an interviewer: "We write, it is true, in letters of the alphabet; but, psychologically regarded, every printed page is a picture book; every word, concrete or abstract, is a picture. The picture itself may never come to the reader's consciousness, but deep down below, in the unconscious realms, the picture works and influences us."

Mr. Kipling Talked Chinese.—"I have been much interested in the articles regarding Rudyard Kipling's knowledge of engineering, shipbuilding and other technical topics published in the papers," said a well-known business man of Manhattan the other day, "and I have begun to believe that he knows almost everything that is worth knowing.

"I was walking down the main street of Brattleboro, Vermont, one day, and saw Kipling coming toward me.

"He was dressed in a bicycle suit, and came swinging along at an easy gait. Just ahead of me there was a little Chinese laundry, and the Chinaman was standing in the doorway. When Kipling reached him he addressed the Chinaman in Chinese, and began a rattling conversation with him in that language. The Chinaman gave a gasp of surprise, but answered him, and in a few minutes Kipling had him smiling from ear to ear, and both of them were jabbering away in Chinese faster than a horse could trot.

"I understood afterward that every time Kipling came to town he stopped for a chat with the Chinaman. The Celestial would never tell the wondering neighbors what Kipling talked about, and when he was asked only replied: 'Him welly gleat man.'"

Kipling and the Elephant.—"One afternoon we went together to the Zoo," says an American friend of Kipling, "and while strolling about our ears were assailed by the most melancholy sound I have ever heard,—a complaining, fretting, lamenting sound, proceeding from the elephant house.

"'What's the matter in there?' asked Mr. Kipling of the keeper.

"'A sick elephant, sir,' was the answer.

"Mr. Kipling hurried away from me in the direction of the lament, which was growing louder and more pitiful. I followed and saw him go up close to the cage, where stood an elephant with sadly drooped ears and trunk. In another moment Mr. Kipling was right up at the bars, and I heard him speak to the sick beast in a language that may have been elephantese, but certainly was not English.

"Instantly the whining stopped, the ears were lifted, the monster turned his sleepy little suffering eyes upon his visitor and put out his trunk. Mr. Kipling began to caress it, still speaking in the same soothing tone. After a few minutes the beast began to answer in a much lower tone of voice, and evidently recounted his woes. At last, with a start, Mr. Kipling found himself and his elephant the observed of all observers and beat a hasty retreat.

"'What language were you talking to that elephant?' I asked, when I overtook him.

"'Language? What do you mean?' he answered with a laugh.

"'Are you a Mowgli?' I persisted. 'And can you talk to all those beasts in their own tongues?' But he only smiled in reply."

The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter XVII

LORD CHALDON'S instructive little monologue on the subject of the Hebrew in finance afforded Thorpe a certain pleasure, which was in its character, perhaps, more social than intellectual.

It was both a flattering and striking experience to have so eminent a man at the side of one's desk, revealing for one's guidance the secrets of sovereigns and cabinets. Great names were mentioned in the course of this dissertation,—mentioned with the authoritative ease of one who dined with Princes and Prime Ministers,—and Thorpe felt that he shared in the distinction of this familiarity with the august.

He was in the position of paying a salary to this courtly old nobleman and statesman, who could tell him of his own intimate knowledge how Emperors conversed with one another; how the Pope fidgeted in his ornate carved chair when the privileged visitor happened to mention unwelcome topics; how a Queen and an opera-bouffe dancer waged an obscure and envenomed battle for the possession of a counting-house strong-box, and in the outcome a nation was armed with inferior old muskets instead of modern weapons, and the girl got the difference expressed in black pearls.

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These reminiscences seemed to alter the atmosphere, and even the appearance of the Board room. It was almost as if the apartment itself was becoming historic, like those chambers they pointed out to the tourist wherein crowned heads had slept. The manner of the Marquis lent itself charmingly to this illusion. He spoke in a facile, mellifluous voice, and as fluently as if he had been at work for a long time preparing a dissertation on this subject, instead of taking it up now by chance. In his tone, in his gestures, in the sustained friendliness of his facial expressions, there was a palpable desire to please his auditor,—and Thorpe gave more heed to this than to the thread of the discourse.

The facts that he heard now about the Jewish masters of international finance were doubtless surprising and suggestive to a degree, but somehow they failed to stimulate his imagination. Lord Chaldon's statesman-like discussion of the uses to which they put this vast power of theirs; his conviction that on the whole they were beneficent; his dread of the consequences of any organized attempt to take this power away from them, and put it into other and less capable hands,—no doubt it was all very clever and wise, but Thorpe did not care for it.

At the end he nodded, and with a lumbering movement altered his position in his chair. The fixed idea of despoiling Rostocker, Aronson, Ganz, Rothfoere, Lewis and Mendel of their last sixpence had been in nowise affected by this entertaining homily. There appeared to be no need of pretending that it had been. If he knew anything of men and their manners, his tilted friend would not object to a change of topic.

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"Lord Chaldon," he said abruptly, "we've talked enough about general matters. While you're here we might as well go into the subject of the Company. Our annual meeting is pretty nearly due, but I think it would be better to have it postponed. You see, this extraordinary development of dealing in our shares on the Stock Exchange has occupied my entire attention. There has been no time for arranging the machinery of operations on our property in Mexico. It's still there; it's all right. But for the time being the operations in London are so much more important. We should have nothing to tell our shareholders, if we brought them together, except that their one-pound shares are worth £15, and they know that already."

The Marquis had listened with a shrewdly attentive eye upon the speaker's face. The nervous affection of his eyelids gave him now a minute of blinking leisure in which to frame his comment. "I have not heard that my shares are worth £15," he said then, with a direct, meaning little smile.

"No," Thorpe laughed, leaning comfortably back in his chair. "That's what I want to talk to you about. You see, when the Company was started it was impossible to foresee that this dealing in our ordinary shares would swamp everything else. If things had taken their usual course, and we had paid our attention to Mexico instead of to the London Stock Exchange, my deferred vendor's shares, 2000 of which you hold, would by this time be worth a good bit. As it is, unfortunately they are outside of the deal. They have nothing to do with the movement of the ordinary shares. But of course you understand all that."

Lord Chaldon assented by an eloquent nod, at once resigned and hopeful.

"Well, that is contrary to all my expectations and intentions," Thorpe resumed. "I don't want you to suffer any by this unlooked-for change in the shape of things. You hold 2000 shares,—only, by accident, they're the wrong kind of shares. Very well; I'll make them the right kind of shares. I'll have a transfer sent to you to-morrow, so that you can return those vendor's shares to me, and in exchange for them I'll give you 2000 fully paid ordinary shares. You can sell these at once, if you like, or you can hold them over one more settlement, whichever you please."

*

"This is very munificent," remarked Lord Chaldon, after an instant's self-communion. His tone was extremely gracious, but he displayed none of the enthusiastic excitement which Thorpe perceived now that he had looked for. The equanimity of Marquises, who were also ex-Ambassadors, was evidently a deeper-rooted affair than he had supposed. This elderly and urbane diplomat took a gift of £30,000 as he might have accepted a superior cigar.

A brief pause ensued, and was ended by another remark from the nobleman: "I thought for the moment of asking your advice—on this question of selling," he continued. "But it will be put more appropriately, perhaps, in this way: Let me leave it entirely in your hands. Whatever you do will be right. I know so little of these things and you know so much."

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Thorpe put out his lips a trifle, and looked away for an instant in frowning abstraction. "If it were put in that way, —I think I should sell," he said. "It's all right for me to take long chances, —it's my game,— but there's no reason why you should risk things. But let me put it in still another way," he added, with the passing gleam of a new thought over the dull surface of his eye; "what do you say to our making the transaction strictly between ourselves? Here are shares to bearer, in the safe there. I say that 2000 of them are yours; that makes them yours. I give you my check for £30,000,—here, now, if you like,—and that makes them mine again. The business is finished and done with,—inside this room. Neither of us is to say anything about it to a soul. Does that meet your views?"

The diplomat pondered the proposition,— again with a lengthened perturbation of the eyelids. "It would be possible to suggest a variety of objections, if one were of a sophistical turn of mind," he said at last, smilingly reflective. "Yet I see no really insuperable obstacle in the path." He thought upon it further, and went on with an inquiring upward glance directed suddenly at Thorpe: "Is there likely to be any very unpleasant hubbub in the press when it is known that the annual meeting has been postponed?"

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Thorpe shook his head with confidence. "No,—you need have no fear of that. The press is all right. It's the talk of the city, I'm told,—the way I've managed the press. It isn't often that a man has all three of the papers walking the same chalk-line."

The Marquis considered these remarks with a puzzled air. Then he smiled faintly. "I'm afraid we're speaking of different things," he suggested. "Apparently, you refer to the financial papers. I had scarcely given them a thought. It does not seem to me that I should mind particularly what they said about me,—but I should care a great deal about the other press,—the great public press."

"Oh, what do they know about these things?" said Thorne lightly. "So far as I can see, they don't know about anything, unless it gets into the police court, or the divorce courts, or a court of some kind. They're the funniest sort of papers I ever saw. Seems as if they didn't think anything was safe to be printed until it had been sworn to. Why anybody should be afraid of them is more than I can see."

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"Nevertheless," persisted his Lordship blandly, "I should greatly dislike any public discussion of our Company's affairs. I hope it is quite clear that that can be avoided."

"Absolutely!" Thorpe told him, with reassuring energy. "Why, discussions don't make themselves. Somebody has to kick before anything gets discussed. And who is to kick here? The public who hold the shares are not likely to complain because they've gone up 1500 or 2000 per cent. And who else has any interest in what the Company, as a company, does?"

"Ah, that is a question which has occurred to me," said Lord Chaldon, "and I shall be glad if it is already answered. The only people likely to 'kick,' as you put it so simply, would be, I take it, Directors and other officers of the Company who find themselves holding a class of shares which does not participate in the present rise. I speak with some confidence,—because I was in that position myself until a few minutes ago,— and I don't mind confessing that I had brought myself to contemplate the contingency of ultimately being compelled to—to 'kick' a little.

—the young Viscount was seated in the chair which the elderly Marquis had vacated

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"Of course, so far as I am concerned, events have put me in a diametrically different frame of mind. If I came prepared, —I won't say to curse, but to—to criticise,—I certainly remain to bless. But you see my point. I, of course, do not know what you have done as regards the other members of the Board."

"I don't care about them," said Thorpe carelessly. "You are the one that I wished to bring in on the ground floor. The others don't matter. Of course, I shall do something for them; they shan't be allowed to make trouble,—even supposing that it would be in their power to make trouble, which isn't the case. But it won't be done, by any means, on the same scale that——" he paused abruptly, and the two men tacitly completed his sentence in the glance they exchanged.

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The Marquis of Chaldon rose and took up his hat and stick. "If you will post it to me,—in a registered letter,—my town house, please," he remarked, with a charmingly delicate hesitation over the phrases. Then he put out his hand: "I need not say how fully I appreciate your great kindness to my old friend Fromentin. It was a noble action. —one I shall always reflect upon with admiration."

"I hope you won't mention it, though," said Thorpe, as they shook hands; "either that or—or anything else."

"I shall preserve the most guarded,—the most diplomatic secrecy," his Lordship assured him, as they walked toward the door.

Thorpe opened this door, and stepped aside, with a half bow, to facilitate the exit of the Marquis, who bent gracious acknowledgment of the courtesy. Then, with an abrupt start of surprise, the two men straightened themselves. Directly in front of them, leaning lightly against the brass rail

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Market-Place began in the issue of the POST for December 17, 1898.

which guarded the entrance to the Board room, stood Lord Plowden.

A certain sense of confusion, unwelcome but inevitable, visibly enveloped this chance meeting. The Marquis blinked very hard as he exchanged a fleeting handshake with the younger nobleman, and murmured some indistinguishable commonplaces. Then, with a graceful celerity, which was more than diplomatic, he disappeared. Thorpe, with more difficulty, recovered a sort of stolidity of expression that might pass for composure. He in turn gave his hand to the newcomer and nodded to him, and achieved a doubtful smile.

"Come in!" he said haltingly. "Where did you drop from? Glad to see you! How are your people?"

A moment later the young Viscount was seated in the chair which the elderly Marquis had vacated. He presented therein a figure which, in its way, was perhaps as courtly as the other had been,—but the way was widely different. Lord Plowden's fine, lithe form expressed no deference in its easy postures. His handsome face was at no pains to assume conciliatory or ingratiating aspects. His brilliant brown eyes sparkled a confident, buoyant gaze full into the heavy, lethargic countenance of the big man at the desk.

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"I haven't bothered you before," he said, tossing his gloves into his hat, and spreading his frock coat out by its silk lapels. He crossed his legs, and sat back with a comfortable smile. "I knew you were awfully busy,—and I kept away as long as I could. But now,—well, the truth is, I'm in rather of a hole. I hope you don't mind my coming."

"Why, not at all," said Thorpe laconically. After a momentary pause he added: "The Marquis has just been consulting me about the postponement of the annual meeting. I suppose you agree with us,—that it would be better to put it off. There's really nothing to report. Of course, you know more about the situation than he does,—between ourselves. The shareholders don't want a meeting; it's enough for them that their shares are worth fifteen or twenty times what they paid for them. And certainly *we* don't need a meeting, as things stand now."

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"Ah, yes; how do things stand now?" asked Lord Plowden briskly.

"Well,"—Thorpe eyed his visitor with a moody blankness of gaze, his chin once more buried in his collar,—"well, everything is going all right, as far as I can see. But, of course, these dealings in our shares in the city have taken up all my time, so that I haven't been able to give any attention to starting up work in Mexico. That being the case, I shall arrange to foot all the bills for this year's expenses,—the rent, the Directors' fees and clerk hire, and so on,—out of my own pocket. It comes, all told, to about £2750,—without counting my extra £1000 as Managing Director. I don't propose to ask for a penny of that, under the circumstances,—and I'll even pay all of the other expenses. So that the Company isn't losing a penny by our not getting to work at the development of the property. No one could ask anything fairer than that. And are your mother and sister quite well?"

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"Oh, very well, indeed, thanks," replied the other. He relapsed abruptly into a silence which was plainly preoccupied. Something of the radiant cheerfulness with which his face had beamed seemed to have faded away.

"I'm in treaty for a house and a moor in the Highlands," Thorpe went on, in a casual tone; "in fact, I'm hesitating between three or four places that all seem to be pretty good,—but I don't know whether I can get away much before the twentieth. I hope you can contrive to come while I'm there. I should like it very much if you would bring your mother and sister,—and your brother, too. I have a nephew about his age,—a fine young fellow,—who'd be company for him. Why can't you say now that you'll all come?"

Lord Plowden emerged from his brown study with the gleam of some new idea on his face. "I might bring my sister," he said. "My mother hates Scotland. She doesn't go about, either, even in England. But I dare say Winnie would enjoy it immensely. She has a great opinion of you, you know."

"I only saw her that once," Thorpe remarked. Some thought behind his words lent a musing effect to the tone in which they were uttered. The brother's contemplative smile seemed a comment upon this tone.

"Women are curious creatures," he said. "They take fancies and dislikes as swiftly and irresponsibly as cloud-shadows shift and change on a mountain-side in April. But I happen to know that my sister does like you immensely. So does my mother," he added with another little smile. He continued to regard Thorpe's face, but there was an increasing uncertainty in his glance. "You've put on flesh, haven't you?" he ventured, after a brief pause. There was the implication in his voice and manner that he observed changes which disconcerted him.

"Not much, I guess," replied the other carelessly. "I've been sticking to the city pretty closely. That's all. There's nothing that a fortnight's rest won't put right. I should like it first-rate to have you and your sister come. I'll let you know which place I decide upon. Very likely you can manage to bring her at the same time that some other ladies will be there. I expect Lady Cressage and Miss Madden, you know."

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Lord Plowden stared at his friend. "Are they back again? Have they returned to England?" he asked confusedly.

"Oh, didn't you know?" Thorpe pursued with an accession of amiability. He visibly had pleasure in the disclosure of the other's ignorance. "They've been in London for two or three weeks,—that is, Miss Madden has been taking flying trips to see cathedrals and so on, but Lady Cressage has stayed in town. Their long journeyings have rather done her up." He looked Plowden straight in the eye, and added with an air of deliberation: "I'm rather anxious about her health."

The nobleman frankly abandoned his efforts to maintain an undisturbed front. "You—are—anxious," he repeated, frowning in displeased wonderment.

"Why, yes;—and why not?" demanded Thorpe, with a sudden growl in his voice. As he covered the handsome Viscount with his heavy, intent gaze, impulses of wrath stirred within him. Why should this fop of a lordling put on this air of contemptuous incredulity? "What is there so amazing about that? Why shouldn't I be anxious?"

Directly in front of them, leaning lightly against the brass rail which guarded the entrance to the Board room, stood Lord Plowden

The peremptory harshness of his manner, and the scowl on his big, lowering face, brought a sort of self-control back to the other. He shrugged his shoulders, with an attempt at nonchalance. "Why not, indeed!" he said, as lightly as he could. With hands on knees, he bent forward as if to rise. "But perhaps I'd better come in another day," he suggested tentatively. "I'm interrupting you."

"No; sit still," Thorpe bade him, and then, with chin settled more determinedly than ever in his cravat, sat eyeing him in a long, dour silence.

Lord Plowden found it impossible to obtain from this massive, apathetic visage any clue to the thoughts working behind it. He chanced to recall the time when he had discussed with Thorpe the meaning and values of this inscrutable expression which the latter's countenance could assume. It had seemed interesting, and even admirable to him then,—but then he had not foreseen the possibility that he himself might some day confront its adamantine barrier with a sinking heart. All at once he could bear this sphinx gaze no longer.

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"I'm sure some other day would be better," he urged, with an open overture to propitiation in his tone. "You're not in the mood to be bothered with my affairs to-day."

"As much to-day as any other," Thorpe answered him slowly.

Thorpe, wandering about the apartment, stopped after a time at the cabinet and helped himself to a drink

The other sat suddenly upright,—and then, upon a moment's reflection, rose to his feet. "I don't in the least know what to make of all this," he said with nervous precipitancy. "If I've offended you in any way, say so, and I will apologize at once. But treatment of this sort passes my comprehension."

Thorpe, in truth, did not himself comprehend it much more clearly. Some strange freak of willfulness impelled him to pursue this unintelligible persecution. "I've said nothing about any offense," he declared in a hard, deliberate voice. "It is your own word. All the same,—I mention the name of a lady,—a lady, mind you, whom I met under your own roof,—and you strike attitudes and put on airs as if—as if I wasn't good enough!"

"Oh, upon my word, that's all rubbish!" the other broke in. "Nothing could have been further from my thoughts, I assure you. Quite naturally I was surprised for the moment at a bit of unexpected news,—but that was all. I give you my word that was all."

"Very well, then," Thorpe consented grudgingly to mutter.

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He continued his sullen scrutiny of the man standing before him, noting how the vivacity of his bearing had deteriorated in these few minutes. He had cut such a gallant figure when he entered the room, with his sparkling eye and smile, his almost jaunty manner, his superior tailor's plumage,—and now he was such a crestfallen and wilted thing! Remembering their last conversation together,—remembering, indeed, how full of liking for this young nobleman he had been when they last met,—Thorpe paused to wonder at the fact that he felt no atom of pity for him now. What was his grievance? What had Plowden done to provoke this savage hostility?

Thorpe could not tell. He knew only that unnamed forces dragged him forward to hurt and humiliate his former friend. Obscurely, no doubt, there was something about a woman in it. Plowden had been an admirer of Lady Cressage. There was her father's word for it that if there had been money enough he would have wished to marry her. There had been, as well, the General's hint that if the difficulty of Plowden's poverty were removed he might still wish to marry her,—a hint which Thorpe discovered to be rankling with a sudden new soreness in his mind. Was that why he hated Plowden? No; he said to himself that it was not. He was going to marry Lady Cressage himself. Her letter, signifying delicately her assent to his proposal, had come to him that very morning,—was in his pocket now. What did he care about the bygone aspirations of other would-be suitors? Besides, as for Plowden, he had not even known of her return to London. Clearly there remained no communications of any sort between them.

It was not at all on her account, he assured himself, that he had turned against Plowden. But what other reason could there be? He observed his visitor's perturbed and dejected mien with a grim kind of satisfaction,—but still he could not tell why.

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"This is all terribly important to me," the nobleman said, breaking the unpleasant silence. His voice was surcharged with earnestness. "Apparently you are annoyed with something,—what it may be I can't for the life of me make out. All I can say is——" and he broke off with a helpless gesture which seemed to imply that he feared to say anything.

Thorpe put out his lips. "I don't know what you mean," he said brusquely.

"What I mean," the other echoed with bewildered vagueness of glance; "I'm all at sea. I don't in the least grasp the meaning of anything. You yourself volunteered the declaration that you would do great things for me. 'We are rich men together'; those were your own words. I urged you at the time to go slowly,—to consider carefully whether you weren't being too generous. I myself said to you that you were ridiculously exaggerating what you called your obligation to me. It was you who insisted upon presenting me with 100,000 shares."

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"Well, they are here ready for you," said Thorpe, with calculated coldness. "You can have them whenever you please. I promised them to you, and set them aside for you. You can take them away with you now, if you like. What are you kicking up this fuss for, then? Upon my word!—you come here and suggest that I made promises to you which I've broken!"

Plowden looked hard at him, as he turned over in his mind the purport of these words. "I see what you are doing," he said then. "You turn over to me 100,000 vendor's deferred shares. Thanks! I have already 1000 of them. I keep them in the same box with my father's Confederate bonds."

"What the deuce do you mean?" Thorpe broke in with explosive warmth, lifting himself in his chair.

"Oh, come now, Thorpe," Plowden

retorted, "let's get this talk on an intelligent, common-sense footing." He had regained something of his self-control, and keenly put forward now to help him all his persuasive graces of eye and speech. He seated himself once more. "I'm convinced that you want to be good to me. Of course you do! If I've seemed here for a minute or two to think otherwise, it was because I misunderstood things. Don't let there be any further misunderstandings! I apologize for doing you the momentary injustice of suspecting that you were going to play off the vendor's shares on me. Of course you said it,—but it was a joke."

"There seems to be a joke somewhere, sure enough," said Thorpe, in dryly metallic tones, "but it isn't me who's the joker. I told you you should have 100,000 of my 400,000 shares, didn't I? I told you that in so many words. Very well, what more do you want? Here they are for you! I keep my promise to the letter. But you—you seem to think you're entitled to make a row. What do you mean by it?"

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"Just a little word," interposed Plowden with strenuous calmness of utterance; "what you say may be true enough,—yes, I admit it is true as far as it goes. But was that what either of us had in our minds at the time? You know it wasn't! You had just planned a *coup* on the Stock Exchange which promised you immense rewards. I helped you to pass a bogus allotment through our Board,—without which your *coup* wouldn't have been worth a farthing. You were enthusiastically grateful to me then. In the excitement of the moment you promised me a quarter of all you should make. '*We are both rich men!*' I remember those very words of yours. They have never been out of my mind. We discussed the things that we would each do, when we came into this wealth. It was taken for granted in all our talk that your making money meant also my making money. That was the complete understanding,—here in London and while you were at my house. You know it as well as I do. And I refuse to suppose that you seriously intend to sit there and pretend that you meant to give me nothing but an armful of waste paper. It would be too monstrous!"

Thorpe rapped with his nails on the desk, to point the force of his rejoinder: "How do you account for the fact, my Lord,"—he gave his words a chillingly scornful precision of utterance,—"that I distinctly mentioned 400,000 vendor's shares of mine, 100,000 of which I promised to turn over to you? Those were the specific terms, were they not? You don't deny it? Then what are you talking about?"

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"I account for it in this way," said Plowden, after a moment's baffled reflection; "at that time you yourself had not grasped the difference between the two classes of shares. You thought the vendor's shares would play a part in the game. Ah! I see I've hit the mark! That was the way of it! And now here, Thorpe! Let all that's been said be bygones! I don't want any verbal triumph over you. You don't want to wrong me, and yourself, too, by sticking to this quibble about vendor's shares. You intended to be deuced good to me, and what have I done that you should round on me now? I haven't bothered you before. I came to-day only because things are particularly rotten, financially, just now. And I don't even want to hold you to a quarter,—I leave that entirely to you. But after all that's been said and done,—I put it to you as one man to another,—you are morally bound to help me out."

"How do you mean?—'all that's been said and done'?" Thorpe asked the question in some confusion of moods. Perhaps it was the ethical force of Lord Plowden's appeal, perhaps only a recurring sense of his earlier affection for the man,—but for the moment he wavered in his purpose.

The peer flushed a little as he looked at the floor, revolving possible answers to this query. His ear had been quick to seize the note of hesitation in Thorpe's tone. He strove anxiously to get together considerations which should tip the fluttering balance definitely his way.

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"Well," he began slowly, "I hardly know how to put it. Of course there was, in the first place, the immense expectation of fortune which you gave me, and which I'm afraid I've more than lived up to. And then, of course, others shared my expectations. It wasn't a thing one could very well keep to one's self. My mother and my sister,—especially my sister,—they were wonderfully excited about it. You are quite the hero in their eyes. And then,—you remember that talk we had, in which you said I could help you,—socially, you know. I did it a little, just as a start, but of course there's no end to what could be done. You've been too busy heretofore, but we can begin now whenever you like. I don't mind telling you,—I've had some thoughts of a possible marriage for you. In point of blood and connections it would be such a match as a commoner hasn't made before in my memory, a highly cultivated and highly bred young lady of rank,—and settlements could be made so that a considerable quantity of land would eventually come to your son. I needn't tell you that land stands for much more than money if you happen to set your mind on a baronetcy or a peerage. Of course,—I need scarcely say,—I mention this marriage only as something which may or may not attract you,—it is quite open to you to prefer another,—but there is hardly anything of that sort in which I and my connections could not be of use to you."

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Even more by the tone and inflection of these words than by the phrases themselves, Thorpe divined that he was being offered the hand of the Honorable Winifred Plowden in marriage. He recalled vividly the fact that once the shadow of some such thought had floated through his own brain; there had been a moment,—it seemed curiously remote, like a dream-phantom from some previous state of existence,—when he had dwelt with personal interest upon her inheritance from long lines of noblemen, and her relation to half the peerage. Then, swiftly, illogically, he disliked the brother of this lady more than ever.

"All that is talking in the air," he said with abrupt decision. "I see nothing in it. You shall have your vendor's shares, precisely as I promised you. I don't see how you can possibly ask for anything more." He looked at the other's darkling face for a moment, and then rose with unwieldy deliberation. "If you're so hard up, though," he continued coldly, "I don't mind doing this much for you. I'll exchange the 1000 vendor's shares you already hold,—the ones I gave you to qualify you at the beginning,—for ordinary shares. You can sell those for £15,000 cash. In fact, I'll buy them of you now. I'll give you a check for the amount. Do you want it?"

Lord Plowden, red-faced and frowning, hesitated for a fraction of time. Then in constrained silence he nodded, and Thorpe, leaning ponderously over the desk, wrote out the check. His Lordship took it, folded it up, and put it in his pocket without immediate comment.

"Then this is the end of things, is it?" he asked, after an awkward silence, in a voice he strove in vain to keep from shaking.

"What things?" said the other.

Plowden shrugged his shoulders, framed his lips to utter something which he decided not to say, and at last turned on his heel. "Good-day," he called back as he left the room with a flagrant air of hostility.

Thorpe, wandering about the apartment, stopped after a time at the cabinet and helped himself to a drink. The thing most apparent to him was, that of set purpose he had converted a friend into an enemy. Why had he done this? He asked himself the question in varying forms, but no convincing answer came. He had done it because he had felt like doing it. It was impossible to trace motives further than that.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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LITTLE STORIES OF THE WAR

Where Dignity Didn't Count

AT MATANZAS the Colonel of the Third Kentucky Regiment ordered a number of cars to remove his men to Cardenas, says the Atlanta Constitution. The cars were ordered for 6:30 A. M. At 9:30 the cars had not yet arrived.

The Colonel was mad. He stalked into the railroad Superintendent's office and wanted to know why the cars were not ready. The Superintendent was writing and paid no attention to the Colonel.

The Colonel fairly roared, and asked the Superintendent if he had not heard him. The Superintendent answered, "Yes."

"Then why didn't you answer?"

"Because," said the Superintendent pompously, "I'm a railroad Superintendent, and men remove their hats in my office."

"I don't care what you are," retorted the Colonel. "I am a sovereign in my country, and you get out of that chair pretty quick and attend to those cars or I'll telegraph General Brooke about you." The cars came.

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A Private's Sound Advice

WHILE the boys of the Second Tennessee Regiment were at Camp Meade some of them got a furlough and went to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and proceeded to take in the town, says the Memphis Scimitar. They were walking down one of the principal thoroughfares, and being in a remarkably jolly and careless mood, failed to salute a commanding officer whom they passed. The officer wheeled on his horse:

"Men, I'll have you know I am General So-and-So, commanding this corps."

"The deuce you are!" said the spokesman of the squad. "You've got a good job; you'd better hang on to it."

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The CIRL who Managed a Political Campaign.

by Lynn Roby Meekins.

Drawings by Charlotte Harding

HERE are millions of women who can recline, hundreds of thousands who can sit, but the woman who can stand is one in a multitude. Her backbone does not fold.

That was one distinction about Lucy Kemper which made her a positive personality. She stood on her feet as if she were glad of life. No poet could have written hazy lines about her willowy ways. She could not,—in all honesty, she probably would not if she could,—fulfill the ancient idea of the ivy and the oak. Being a chip of the old block, she was a healthy oak herself.

As she stood by the library window,—standing well and thus seeming tall, standing straight and honest with the world,—she looked like a pose for a portrait, but the intentness of her face shadowed a problem.

In her limited lifetime she had had odd experiences. At fifteen, her mother and only brother had been taken from her, and in less than a year she was a young woman, mistress of the house, the confidante and companion of her father. Extensive travel followed in different years, educating, developing. "The Governor" was in her hands, and the Governor was the man next in greatness to the man who ruled his own temper, for he surely ruled the city in which he lived. He had the genius for handling men. He loved the sense of power. Politics to him was the opportunity of satisfying the implanted ambition of conquest. He laughed at his puppets, but he liked to move them.

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Suddenly stricken, his inability to direct threatened party chaos. Absolute quiet was the order of the doctor. As usual, Lucy spanned the chasm. She would see all callers, and carry only the necessary messages to the invalid. He was to trust all else to her.

So she was standing at the library window, thinking. Suddenly she gave a little cry and clasped her hands. The man of all men she was the least prepared to meet was coming up the path,—George Howe, who expected to be nominated District Attorney, and whom the workers of the party wanted to see nominated. But even the young oak, the lithe, glad, growing oak, bends little to any breeze, and when George Howe came in, Lucy Kemper was smiling, and she greeted George as if he had come for luncheon.

George was radiant. A six-footer, with a fine face and a frank, magnetic manner, he looked like a leader of men, and a follower of Love. The genuine masculine quality was written upon him.

"You sent for me?" he said, after the usual weather prefaces.

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"Yes, by order of father." At which George drooped, considering it an entirely uncalled-for explanation. "He is really very ill," she continued, "and the doctor has ordered absolute quiet. But he is not content at that, and so we have compromised to this extent: I am to be his agent, or representative, or whatever he calls it, and take to him only the messages that are necessary."

"And you may count on me. In what way may I assist?"

"That's the trouble. You can assist, and you can't assist. You want to be District Attorney?"

George really blushed, politician that he was. "Rather say I am going to be," he replied with considerable satisfaction.

"Well, you are not, and that is the trouble," she said very calmly, and George gazed at her in dumb amazement.

"It is just this way," she went on. "Father has given me a full statement of conditions and things, and directed me just what to do. But really, you are to do it all. He says you are the brightest man in the party, and you know how to make up the list of nominations, and he expects you to attend to this."

"That is easy enough," he replied, recovering from the shock. "The nominations are practically made. We know whom the party wants, and, as it is a short ticket, the trouble is slight."

"And he also said that, while personally he wanted to have you nominated, it would be necessary to defer to the Independents by accepting Mr. Richard Everett Goodington for District Attorney."

"Thank you!"

"And he also said that, if you would agree to this, he would see that you received something equally as good or better later on."

George paused, and the silence in the room seemed long and deep. Finally he found his voice. "Miss Kemper," he said, "in politics there are no to-morrows. The whole world is filled with those classed 'equally as good,' and virtue is their only reward, although many of the poor fools expect at some time to draw salaries. Now, I have worked for this nomination; I want it; the party wants me to have it, and the only way to keep me from getting it is to beat me."

There was another silence, and the young woman who could stand well rose, walked to the window, looked out, then returned, and, facing the lawyer, replied: "Well, it's very disagreeable, but I must carry out my orders, and beat you."

George laughed so spontaneously that the merriment cleared the atmosphere like an electric compact, and Lucy laughed, too, at her own audacity; but beneath this was a purpose which George inadequately understood.

"Of course," said George patronizingly, "you are new in the direction of politics, and you will pardon me if I tell you that the best politician in the world is but the weathercock of events, and I may also say that all the breezes are blowing my way."

"But if they should change?"

"They cannot change,—at least in this storm," he replied cheerfully. Then he continued: "I shall be perfectly satisfied to let matters take their course."

"But the thing is decided. You cannot have the nomination. You must wait."

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Lucy demonstrated to herself with absolute satisfaction that her part in the matter was purely impersonal. She was under the pledge to her father to carry out his orders, in so far as she was concerned, and she intended to keep her word. But when George Howe, whom she had known all her life, had thrown down the gage of battle, the

fighting blood of the Kemper family was aroused. Somehow, she felt that her own reputation was at stake, and, while she did not care particularly for Mr. Goodington, she began to look upon his nomination as necessary to her own happiness. And the more she thought of this, the closer Goodington seemed to get to her.

As a matter of fact, however, she did not exchange a word with Goodington throughout the whole contest, although she did write him one note. No man can be a hero to a woman more than twenty-four hours unless he is kept at a safe distance. But the cause of Goodington was ever present, and Miss Lucy had it in her sacred keeping.

The calls began. Kern Martin, like Irving's sparrow, chirping cheerfulness in any corner,—and just about as rich,—came. "Really, Miss Lucy," he declared, growing very serious for once, "it won't do to turn poor old George down, really it won't. As for Goodington, well, really, we don't want him, and we won't have him. And I came to tell you for the Governor that if you do try to turn George down, our crowd will not work for the ticket; really we won't."

"That would be deplorable," said Lucy very solemnly, and Kern afterward declared that he felt like a monkey on whose head a ripe cocoanut had fallen from the top of the tree.

"You know very well, Mr. Martin, that I am simply carrying out father's orders," she continued. "You know that he knows best,—now don't you?"

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"He is a great leader," admitted Kern.

"Well, then, that settles the whole question, and I am going to depend upon you to help." And before Kern appreciated what he was doing he was entirely won over.

Hobbs Stack called. He was grandiloquent, and, after he had praised George to the skies, he soared a bit higher, and told of what he himself had done for the party.

Lucy listened in a way that warmed his eloquence, and when he had ended, with great personal satisfaction, she simply ignored every word he had said about George, and replied: "Mr. Stack, it is very noble of you to be so devoted to the party. It makes me understand why father likes politics so much. When a man of your gifts offers his services so unselfishly, it must be real happiness to be a political leader. And I know how he depends upon you, and I know, too, that you will not fail him; and I ask you, now that I am acting as his agent, to make the party win by working for it as you have always done."

She folded her hands in a pose of feminine helplessness and dependence, and leaning forward a bit imploringly, looked the politician straight in the eyes, and asked in tones that would have moved a saint or converted an infidel: "Mr. Stack, may I depend upon you?"

Stack afterward told of it. "When she did that," he said, "she knocked me six ways from Sunday. Those eyes of hers looked right down into my soul, and before I knew what I was doing I was on my feet, saying with a bow, 'You can, ma'am, to the end of time and the other side of eternity,' and what's more, I'm going to do it. Poor old George! It's just too bad!"

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Next came Uncle Ephraim, a colored statesman, open to conviction and always hungry. Lucy saw him in the kitchen.

"Laws bless my soul, Miss Lucy, but you am beautifuller ebery day, and hits glory to de eyes to look at you. You was de beautifullest baby in de town, and Mandy used to say hit were a powerful pity, 'cause pretty babies grow up plain, but I says, says I, 'No, Mandy, hit kin neber be, 'cause hits unpossible for dat baby to grow out of her beauty.' And here I is, lookin' at you, more beautifuller dan any lady in de wide world."

He paused to note the effect of his praise of her. "Hit's jest disaway, Miss Lucy. Las' 'lection de old man was tempted. De Governor's party was only payin' two dollars, and here come erlong the oders and offered de ole man a five-dollar bill, and de old man, who's a weak and mis'ble sinnah, fell by de wayside. But de stray sheep is a-comin' back to de fold, Miss Lucy, and I wants de Governor to know dat he's a-knockin' at de do', willin' to take eben what de prod'gal son got when he sot down to his daddy's kitchen table, eatin' nubbins."

Lucy laughed heartily, and said to the old rogue: "Uncle Eph, we haven't any fatted calf, nor even any veal, but how would some nice chicken, cooked to a turn, with plenty of gravy and some sweet potatoes, and a piece of gooseberry pie, suit you?" And thus Ephraim was captured.

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But the most important visitor came later. It must be said in justice to George Howe that none of these was sent by him, but there was an idea that the fight was on, and the people in politics followed custom and called at the Kemper home. There were many on curious errands, who amounted to nothing in the real situation. But a man like Rory Flanders was indispensable. The unit in politics is the vote, and the man who can place the most units in the totals is the real factor.

Flanders controlled the liquor traffic of the lower wards, and the vote of one of his followers counted for just as much as the ballot of the richest or the saintliest person in the city. Such is universal suffrage without qualification! Lucy knew of Flanders as a man of strong characteristics of the rougher order, but that made the study of his case all the more interesting. She liked to conquer,—she got that from her father,—so she had made inquiries about the Flanders tribe.

When Flanders was ushered in he was distinctly uncomfortable. His red face had lines of trouble. He sat half way in the chair, as if afraid to sit back. When Miss Kemper entered, he rose ungracefully and ducked his head for a bow.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Flanders," she said. "You came to see father about politics, I suppose. He is too ill to see any one, but I will take any message you have for him."

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Flanders shuffled uneasily for a moment, and then, compressing his lips as if the situation were desperate, he blurted out: "I know all 'bout it,—all 'bout it. Governor's goin' to shove the Independent racket on to us, and while he's sick you take hold. Yes, you take hold,—you——"

"Sit down, Mr. Flanders, and be comfortable," said Miss Lucy gently.

"Thanks, ma'am. Y-e-s, you take hold. That's it; you take hold. And as long as you take hold, I come to say,—beggin' your pardon that you're a woman,—I come to say——"

"Go on, Mr. Flanders. I shall be very glad to hear what you have to say."

"And I'll say it," he declared with grim determination, "though they all said I hain't got the nerve. It's a shame,—a shame it is,—and I tell you it's a shame——"

"You refer to me, Mr. Flanders?"

"No, ma'am; no ma'am. Course I don't. 'Scuse me. I'm all a-gittin' rattled. It's a shame you're goin' to turn down George Howe, and take up that goody-goody Goodington, and we won't stand it. No, we won't. No, sir—ee,—I mean ma'am. No, sir, ma'am,—I mean; oh, my! oh, my! My tongue's off the trolley, but all the same we won't, and even if we did, I want to know what you're goin' to do for me 'boys'?"

"Your boys, Mr. Flanders? How many have you?"

"A hundred and forty-seven, and ivery one of 'em has a vote, but it will take money,—it will take money. Goodness, ma'am, are ye sick?"

He had caught sight of Miss Lucy's startled countenance.

"One hundred and forty-seven sons, Mr. Flanders?" she asked in amazement.

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It took Mr. Flanders some little time to realize that the young lady was not fully acquainted with all the political terms, but he finally explained that the "boys" were the men who hung around his place, or whose votes he reached and controlled. Then he went on: "Of course, it's agin the law, but we'll have to keep open election day for the boys, and the party will have to stand the bill, and we don't want Goodington nohow. If he has to go on the ticket, it will cost more to hold 'em in line. Now, ma'am, is that clear?"

Miss Lucy did not reply at once. The pause made the room wonderfully still. After the minute had seemed much longer than it really was, she leaned forward slightly and asked:

"Miss Marie Antoinette Flanders is your daughter, is she not?"

"Yes'm," came the reply, and then the little eyes of the man began to open. He wondered what in the world his daughter had to do with the case.

"I have heard her play, and she has remarkable talent. You should be proud of such a daughter, Mr. Flanders."

"I am, ma'am; I am," he said. "Music's our only pleasure. Some say I'm a bad man, but I love good music, and Mary,"—he could not quite get the Marie,—"has been brought up on music."

"If you love good music, how can you be a bad man?"

The red face grew a good deal redder as he gasped at the question, and, before he could reply, Lucy took the lead: "You surely want your daughter to have the opportunity to show her talent?"

"'Deed we do, ma'am; 'deed we do. That's all me and me wife struggle for,—just to give Mary the chances."

"That is very noble of you. Perhaps I can help you. The Harmony needs a soloist for its concert next week."

Flanders shook his head and smiled bitterly. "Oh, no, ma'am. That's too high over our heads. Saloonkeeper's daughter!" even more bitterly. "That's what they'd say. Oh, I know."

"Well, now, Mr. Flanders, is it her fault that you keep the saloon? Is it her fault that you do not give up the business when you have money enough to live on? Is it her fault that her talent is not recognized?"

"Oh, miss, don't! That's what me wife is always saying."

"And why do you not listen to her?" Never did Lucy follow up an advantage more brilliantly. "As soon as you can, send your daughter here to me. I will see that she plays at the concert. I want you to get her the right kind of a dress."

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"I'll pay a thousand dollars for it, if need be," broke in Flanders, with pride that was almost pathetic. "And, oh, ma'am, if this kin be done, me and me wife will worship you as long as we live."

"It will be done, Mr. Flanders," she replied. And it was done. Not only did Lucy get the girl on the program, but, in managing the case, she sent her only note of the campaign to Goodington. She asked, as a special favor to her, that he would turn Miss Flanders music on the night of the concert. And Goodington turned the music.

—the election passed as a thing not of earth

Lucy could not go to the concert, of course, owing to her duties to the invalid. But George Howe was there. He did not enjoy it much, and after he had heard Miss Marie Antoinette Flanders applauded and twice recalled, he slipped out and wended his way toward the office. His route lay past the Kemper home. It was early, and, as he saw a bright light in the library window, he rang the bell. Lucy was at home to him.

"How is the Governor?" he asked.

"He is especially bright this evening, having slept well in the afternoon."

"I am glad of that. I have brought the list, and I would like you to submit it to him. All the names are there except the man for District Attorney."

She took the piece of paper, somewhat nervously for her, and left the room. The Governor looked it over and pronounced it admirable. "All excellent men," he said. "Now, write Goodington's name in the blank space, and tell George we'll have something better for him later on. Now, it's off my mind, and tell them not to bother me any more during the campaign."

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As she returned to the room she felt as if something akin to a crisis was in the air. George was too quiet. She did not like that at all. But she summoned all her self-possession and handed the list to him as if it were a matter of no importance whatever. He looked at it very calmly and rose.

"I do not think I care for it," he said, offering it to her.

"And I am quite sure that I do not want it," she replied.

"Why not? It is your work. You have beaten me."

Hardly knowing what she did, she took the piece of paper.

"Rather say you are beaten, but that this means something better,—father said so,—later on," she replied.

"Thank you. But I do not care to have it that way. Pray tell the Governor that he is under no pledges as far as I am concerned. I wish to wash my hands of politics forever. If all my service to the party is to be outweighed by a piece of piano music——"

A woman is never truly happy until she makes a man suffer. Lucy was eminently feminine, and this remark was joy to her soul. She rose to it with instant enthusiasm.

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"And did she play so well?" she interrupted eagerly.

"She is a genius," he replied judicially, but emptily.

"I am so glad!" she exclaimed.

"Evidently," he said, with some harshness in his tone; "but it happens that I do not feel like discussing music to-night. I do not like to bother you, but I am under the necessity of asking you to take a message to your father. Please tell him that my connection with the active management of the party is broken. I resign all responsibility for the ticket. This nomination was rightfully mine, and the simple demands of self-respect will not allow me to remain in a false position.

Lucy appreciated the crisis. Her judgment and her emotions, her thoughts and her sympathies were struggling. She saw the sincerity of the man, his honesty of purpose, his strength of resentment, and she somehow knew she must win him for the ticket or lose her whole reputation as an assistant boss. After a pause, the whole way opened to her like an inspiration, and she turned to him with a smile of sunshine that stirred the fog.

"Mr. Howe, I will take your message to father."

"Thank you."

"I shall say to him,—for you,—that, although you are deeply disappointed, you are too strong and noble a man to show it, and that you will take charge of the campaign, and do all in your power to make it successful."

"But that is not my message!" he exclaimed, in a way that showed her boldness had startled him.

"I shall," she went on, "depend upon you with the same implicit faith as my father, and I know you will——"

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An old story about the Governor in his palmiest days tells of a great quarrel between him and John Howe, which was to be settled in open convention. Howe was a splendid person, a lion in strength and purpose, and when Kemper opened the door of the anteroom of the hall on that eventful day he stood ready for any conflict. Kemper saw the situation, and steeled himself for the meeting, but somehow, as he approached his enemy, who had been an old friend of boyhood days, by one of those inexplicable and utterly illogical impulses of human nature, he put his arm around Howe's shoulders and said: "John, I've been trying to hate you, but I can't." And John, strong as he was, said simply, "It is hard work." And after that, when the two gladiators marched arm in arm into the arena, the fight turned to a festival.

Lucy did not throw her arms around George Howe, the son of John Howe, but there was in her ways much of the same magnetism and personal appeal which made her father a leader of men. Talking on, she forced him, by her gentle eloquence, to a full and absolute surrender, until he actually promised to take charge of the whole campaign. When she gave back the bit of paper he did not decline to take it.

It was the most wonderful campaign the little city ever knew.

"We're walking in a dream," declared Kern Martin. "Guardian angels hover over the ballot-boxes. Hobbs Stack is drinking soda water. Rory Flanders is turning mugwump and practicing hymns on his flute. George Howe is writing poetry, and I have a fatal desire to go to work."

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"The assistant boss has got us so that we're all ashamed to do anything low or mean," said Hobbs Stack.

"Sartinly am hungry 'lection times," said Uncle Eph, wisely shaking his head.

And so the election passed as a thing not of earth, and after the fall shadows had deepened into the winter darkness a gentle hand pressed a sweet caress upon the Governor's forehead, and the Governor, renewed by the long rest, kissed it tenderly.

"Father," she said, "when you made George Howe stand aside you promised him something equally as good, did you not?"

"Something better, I think I said."

"Well, he is coming to ask you for it to-night," and before the Governor could say a word she went on: "I am very glad George did not get that other place. He belongs to Congress, and he must go there. Then, too, every one says Washington is the loveliest place in the world for a honeymoon,—especially for a Congressman's bride."

Memories of BARNSTORMING DAYS

By M A Woolf

Second Article

WE WERE doing a wretched business in Troy, I remember, and to get a little relaxation from the dull monotony of our environment, the "leading juvenile" of our company and I went on a little trip to Albany. We loitered and lingered until the hour was approaching for the evening's performance to begin, and took a "short cut" in returning.

All went serenely until we reached a toll-bridge, to cross which would cost us two or three cents, as near as I can remember. As Fortune had not been smiling on me for some time, I did not have a cent in my pocket, so I turned to my companion and told him of my condition, and of my willingness, under the circumstances, to allow him to take me under his financial wing, and pay for both of us. His answer was exceedingly characteristic of the man, but I dare not give it here. He hadn't the amount, and there we stood; and all this time the hands of the clock kept slowly creeping toward theatre hour.

—but not before the toll-keeper caught sight of us in our flight

Something had to be done, and that quickly. I was a young and strong fellow in those days, and my companion wasn't a "slouch" either, so we made up our minds that we'd run for it, and, if the gatekeeper attempted to stop us, why, we'd simply knock him down.

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So we started swiftly off, cowered as we drew near the toll-house, and then, slowly and noiselessly lowering ourselves, crept on our stomachs until we nearly reached the end of the bridge. Then we rose to our feet, and fairly flew across the remaining distance, but not before the toll-keeper caught sight of us in our flight. His shaking fist kept remarkably good time to a volley of very broad, conventional platitudes, which he hissed through his teeth after us.

When the performance was over that night the manager assembled us in the green-room and informed us that we were going to "jump the town." We were told to go quietly to our rooms in the hotel, and remain there until we heard a gentle tap upon our doors. Then we were to descend noiselessly to the street, where we would be met and conducted to carriages, which would carry us to the railroad depot.

As I write these lines, seated in my little den of a studio, I conjure up a picture of that group of tired, wobegone "fly by nights," seated two flights up, waiting with bated breath for the "tapping at the chamber door." And when at last it did come, we sneaked,—yes, sneaked,—downstairs like a pack of marauders, and were met by a picket who took us to a secluded spot some distance away. There we found, not carriages, but an old-fashioned, canvas-covered market wagon, into which we were packed like so many vegetables, without the slightest regard for our personal comfort; but stay,—now I think of it, there was a layer of coarse straw carpeting the bottom of the wagon, and the jolts we received during our journey to the railway station were somewhat softened. (Mem.—To this hour, one of my pet aversions is the odor of straw.)

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Our manager drove the horses attached to the wagon, and, on the back of one of the animals, a decrepit farmer was seated. In his hand he held an old-fashioned tin lantern, perforated with hundreds of tiny holes, and lighted with a tallow candle. He kept this lantern swinging from side to side, to let "light shine upon our pathway," and to prevent us from coming to grief in the many gullies along the road.

We reached the depot in time to catch the cars to New York, where we landed after a tediously slow trip on an accommodation train, hungry, begrimed and fatigued beyond description. Next morning I called upon the manager to get the check for my baggage, for I remembered there were two or three sets of handsome stage buckles in my trunk, upon which I might have raised money enough to tide me over my troubles for a day or two. Imagine my surprise when the manager coolly informed me that the trunks of the entire company had been left in Troy, as security for money borrowed to pay our passage home.

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A "snap" company of nine was engaged to do one-night stands in the Allegheny regions, and it was arranged that we were to meet our manager at Bellefonte, and make a start from there. We got there all right, but the manager never made his appearance.

Many of the members of our little troupe had been playing to rather good business during their respective seasons, so we could muster up five or six dollars among the nine of us. But to be without a manager was a rather serious matter. There was no regular theatre in Bellefonte; a large hall, with a lecture platform in it, took the place of one. How we were going to give a performance and get out of town puzzled us.

While roaming through the town in a rather despondent mood I happened to see a piece of muslin stretched on a frame. It was evidently intended for a large political transparency. Fancying I could utilize the affair, I bought it for,—need I say,—a very trifling sum indeed, and had it delivered at the performance hall. A bright idea struck me as I made the purchase. If I could only get colors enough I would paint a landscape, and use it as a drop for our first performance. In my search for artistic pigment, I found that the only colors I could procure in the town were red, white and blue, tints that are usually required when showy, political banners are in demand, or in the counterfeit representations of "Old Glory."

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With borrowed money I purchased what I thought was sufficient color, carried it home, and sat gazing at it in gloomy meditation as to how I could utilize the stuff with judgment, and credit to myself; for even in those days it was whispered abroad that I had artistic tendencies, and the members of our little troupe expected much from my endeavors.

After hours of severe mental trial and suffering I decided to paint a brick wall. The red I would make represent brick, the white should counterfeit long and very narrow strips of mortar running between, and the blue a dash of cerulean sky, just above the brick and mortar. I remember to this day how I went to work and "slapped in" that wall, the broad Rembrandt touches I gave to each brick, the Raffael-like delicacy of my hand when dallying with the long drawn lines of white, and the elastic play of my wrist while, with an old whitewash brush, I manipulated hairy, blue excrescences on the face of Heaven. When the masterpiece was finished, I bore the eulogy of our little party with becoming modesty, and in my "heart of hearts" wished that a certain "matinée girl" of my acquaintance, then residing in New York, could have been present to have shared with me the glory of the moment.

Then arose the question as to how we were going to make our presence known to the theatre-goers of Bellefonte. After a consultation, it was concluded that some sheets of white paper should be purchased, and that the getting up of "posters" should be left to my taste and judgment. I shall not attempt to tell what a gorgeous display each "poster" made, as I gave it a finishing touch, or how the red blushed at its effrontery when telling of our former successes, or what a depth of meaning lay hidden in the blues. The purchase of the paints, paper, and flour for paste made a great gap in our finances, but help for it there was none.

One dark evening, three mysterious figures emerged from different parts of the hotel where our little troupe was stopping. One of the figures,—our "leading man,"—carried the posters I had painted; the other,—the comedian of the troupe and your humble servant, gentle reader,—bore a bucket of paste and a brush; and the third figure,—our utility man,—staggered under the weight of a long ladder. We posted our bills, our performance was a success, and we were soon ready to "barnstorm" the next town.

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I have "barnstormed" every town along the Hudson, and I recall Schenectady with a certain amount of pleasure, for it was there where I took part in a balcony scene quite unique in its way. Our manager at that time thought it would be a novel idea, and at the same time a graceful tribute to the worthy residents of Schenectady, if his entire troupe of dramatic artists appeared on the balcony outside the theatre, in the superb and costly dresses they were to wear during the performance that evening.

So, when night came, the entire troupe was ranged on the balcony in full view of the people in the street below, and each member of the company was "gotten up regardless."

In addition to the gorgeous dress I wore on the occasion, I carried my highly polished "fighting sword"

When the masterpiece was finished, I bore the eulogy of our little party with becoming modesty

The local band occupied a portion of the balcony with us, and propelled into the balmy evening air writhing crotchets and distorted minim discs. In addition to the gorgeous dress I wore on the occasion, I carried my highly polished "fighting sword," which shimmered quite pyrotechnically.

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If my memory serves me right, the play that evening was Michael Earle, or the Maniac Lover, and a good, old-fashioned drama it was, full of improbabilities, deep passion and gallery pathos. The villain of the play, Philip D'Arville, was so tall that the feather in his hat went up far beyond the narrow strips of blue muslin which represented the abiding place of the angelic choir, and as he stalked across the diminutive stage attached to the exhibition hall, his face approached so close to the heavens that he seemed to be carrying on a dialogue with the saints wherever he made his appearance.

At the end of the drama, Michael, the maniac, is supposed to shoot and kill D'Arville, but on this particular night the pistol of Michael refused to work, and a sharp "click" was the only response to the pulling of the trigger. Here was a dilemma. The playbook kills D'Arville without giving him an opportunity to send for his father confessor, or even a moment in which to give the good, old-time, honored gurgle of "Me—rr—ci—ful He—e—e—aven—I—I—am shot!"

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An ordinary every-day actor would have been phased. It would have rushed through his mind that the pistol had not gone off, and he had not been shot, and he would not have known what to do; but *our* D'Arville took in the situation at once, and, with that rare presence of mind which genius alone possesses, he said to himself:

"If I had been shot, as was written, I should have been killed, of course,—the play calls for it; but as the pistol missed fire, I shall make it appear to the intelligent audience that I am wounded."

And he did; he fell to the ground, writhing in intense agony, as the curtain dropped.

The date of my first appearance as a musician I cannot state with any degree of truth, but I distinctly recollect beating a drum in a large wagon, and scattering programs among a bucolic crowd. That the instrument was pounded with great discretion and good effect "goes without saying," and, upon occasions when I let my fancy run rampant, I often chide myself for not having devoted more time to the cultivation of my musical ability; for I might have made my little mark as a triangle virtuoso, or have warbled a touching ditty about "Mother's Golden Tooth" in a vaudeville show.

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We had a great deal of walking to do in those good old barnstorming days, and that leather will finally yield to the gentle pressure of the tiniest foot I have good cause to remember. It was in Sandusky, or some Western town, where I discovered what "walking on uppers" really meant. I had been obliged to wear a pair of Congress gaiters till the laced portion dissolved partnership with the soles and started in business for itself.

It was a dry and dusty time of the year, I remember, and each step I took forced a whistling bombardment of earth and pebbles through the leaks and crevices in my gaiters.

(Mem.—My dramatic experiences would have been incomplete without this very important episode.)

Graduating, as I did, from Ottignon's gymnasium and sparring academy in New York,—a place long since done away with,—I was something of a bruiser when a young fellow, and I recall with keen relish a friendly whipping I gave Wilkes Booth on the stage of the Boston Museum, and also an altercation in which a "snap" troupe (of which I was a member) took a hand.

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We were playing in Montreal, and one night, during the performance of Lucrezia Borgia (I think), an uproar suddenly arose in the auditorium of the Theatre Royal. As the play was in progress at the time, and the cries of the audience drowned the utterances of the performers, the piece was brought to a standstill, and actors and actresses watched the melée from the stage.

The uproar kept increasing, and there seemed to be every prospect of its continuance, when a hurried whisper took place among us at the footlights, and we jumped into the pit, took a hand in the fight, ejected the two offending parties, returned to the stage by leaping the footlights, and, although our feathers and frills had suffered considerably, we finished our performance, to the great delight of the "Britishers," who have a great admiration for pluck and nerve.

There were "breaks," too, in my barnstorming experiences. I remember one week when we played to such good business that each member of our troupe received a week's salary, a thing almost unheard of in those

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EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second and last paper on Barnstorming Days, which was the last literary work of the late M. A. Woolf.

days. I have a recollection, too, that in the ecstasy of the moment I bought a pocket-book in which to keep my hard-earned cash, and that I never received more than a doled-out dollar at a time during the remainder of the season.

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Salaries were so infinitesimally small compared to the fabulous sums paid to-day, that I feel I ought to give the subject a passing remark.

I remember when, on a visit to Stratford-on-Avon, I was approached by a matinée idol belonging to a theatrical company visiting the locality, who had the most wo-begone expression on his face imaginable. He buttonholed me, and dilated at full length upon "the hardship of an actor's lot," and called himself "a wandering Arab, a wandering Arab, my dear fellow, without a home to call my own, and not knowing what the morrow has in store."

Then he sighed, jerked at his shirt cuff, and his eyes assumed a stony, fishy stare, as he gazed heavenward. His weekly income at the time was in the neighborhood of $125. In the good old times he would have had a greater resemblance to the wandering native of the toothsome date region, and his salary (when he got it) would have been from ten to fifteen dollars a week.

I began the profession at the Boston Museum, then recognized as second in rank to Wallack's, in New York, which was then *the* theatre of America. The highest salary paid at the Museum was,—if I remember right,—$75 a week, and that was given to the finest comedian it was ever my lot to listen to. The poor, hard-working ballet girls of those days considered themselves well paid with four or five dollars a week, and were often cast for "Ha! Ha!" parts at that. Just imagine offering that sum to some present reigning queen whose sole dramatic efforts are confined to a coon song, a wink, or a high kick.

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When "snap" companies were not large enough the members had to "double up," as it is termed,—that is, two parts were played by the same party in the same piece; but what will the reader of this article say when I tell him of an actor playing two parts in *the same scene*. I have the word of a very dear old friend of mine for the truthfulness of the following story:

The company with which he was barnstorming was in one of the New England towns, and one of the actors connected with the troupe being "unavoidably indisposed," a brother artist undertook to perform his own and the absentee's part. It so happened that there was an important scene between the two characters, a difficulty which my friend overcame by wearing a mustache while uttering the absentee's lines, and simply removing it and taking the other side of the stage when speaking for himself.

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Hotel-keepers took big chances in those days when they received as "transients" traveling dramatic troupes. I have seen large rooms crowded to the very ceiling with trunks filled with stage wardrobes which had been seized for non-payment of board bills, and somewhere in the neighborhood of Corry, Pa., I think it was, our manager, who had been "jumping" hotels in the most reckless manner, found himself face to face with an irate lodging-house keeper, who brought an officer with him, and demanded the payment of a "jumped" bill.

As it was not forthcoming, the officer produced a writ, handcuffed the managerial delinquent, and was about to take him away, when our leading lady came to the rescue, and gave all her stage jewels as security for the debt. Our manager was released.

(Mem.—I am inclined to think that the creditor imagined he had a "snap," and that the jewels were real.)

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Mr. M——, a deep-voiced, mild, blue-eyed member of one of our companies, finding his salary becoming a very uncertain quantity indeed, thought it necessary to curtail his weekly expenses, and began with his laundry bill. He commenced by putting aside for state occasions his solitary boiled garment, and wearing in lieu of his only shirt a copy of whatever newspaper he could pick up during the day.

He would tear a circular hole large enough to poke his head through, in the centre of the sheet, and would tuck in all overlaying columns of information concerning bonds, mortgages and financial booms. His necktie was a long piece of green baize, which he had cut from some theatre curtain. (In the days of which I am writing, the first drop curtain was always of a deep green hue, and made of a sort of coarse flannel. Stage carpets, whether for garden or throne-room, were generally of the same material.) Collar, he wore none, and his vest was of as crazy a patchwork pattern behind as the most enthusiastic New England spinster could desire.

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NOTE—The following is the second paper on American Brains in London, by Robert Barr, and deals with some of the men whom he knew and who have succeeded in the literary world. The first paper, which dealt with the struggling authors in the great English metropolis, appeared in the issue of the POST for April 1.

AMERICAN BRAINS IN LONDON

By Robert Barr

SECOND PAPER

The Men Who Have Succeeded

THE first American author with whom I became acquainted in London was Dr. Moncure D. Conway. He had been one of the pioneers in a suburb to the west of London named Bedford Park, an esthetic colony of literary, artistic and dramatic people who dwelt in picturesque, red brick Queen Anne houses, bordering on crooked streets, and surrounded by trim little gardens. It was, and is, a centre of culture, grouped round a social club, and still flourishes, although Conway has deserted it. He wrote an article about it in Harper's Magazine some years ago, and this article attracted me to the place, and led to my acquaintance with this friend of Carlyle, Emerson, and most of the celebrities of England and America.

Mr. Conway is a man, or was at that time, of regular literary habits,—habits that I have read of in biographies with hopeless despair, yearning to imitate them, but always failing in the accomplishment. He allowed no visitor to disturb his work in the forenoon. If the second great fire of London had been so inconsiderate as to take place before lunch, Mr. Conway would not have gone out to see it.

"The morning hour has gold in its mouth," he used to say to me, and I was not learned enough to know whether the sentiment were a quotation, and never had the courage to ask him if it were original; but whatever its origin, it is an eternal truth.

Every evening at six o'clock it was his habit to leave his gate and go for an hour's walk, and it became my custom to happen along at the exact moment and go with him, and thus it is that I know much more than I otherwise would have known, for he is a man of amazing and widespread knowledge.

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However, there were some things he didn't know. I had never heard the nightingale, and, being recently arrived in England, was most anxious to compare its tune with that of our favorite American songsters. Conway assured me that it sang in some of the groves near Kew, and one spring evening we started in search of it.

In the centre of a deeply shaded avenue we heard the first notes, and the author held up his hand for silence. I, better acquainted than he with what was on at the music halls, was astonished to hear that the nightingale had evidently been to see a vaudeville performance, for the tune was one at that moment popular all over the country. When the small boy who was whistling the tune came round the corner, driving a cow, the situation, as the newspapers say, may be better imagined than described.

It was at Conway's London house that W. D. Howells was urged to go in for novel-writing. The young man had returned from his Consulate in Venice, not knowing just what to do with himself, and Mrs. Conway persuaded him to try his hand at fiction.

I was told in Venice that the American Government did not take the trouble to inform Mr. Howells that he had been superseded, and the first he knew of it was through reading in a home paper that the new Consul for Venice had started for his post, whereupon W. D. packed away the belongings of his Government in a cigar box, and leaving it in charge of one of his friends, to be turned over to the newcomer, shook the water drops of Venice from his shoes and came to London.

HOWELLS AND CONWAY AS ROOMMATES

Although Mr. Howells does not say so in his Venetian Life, I believe Moncure D. Conway and he occupied rooms on the same floor in a palace in Venice, with Larkin J. Mead, the celebrated sculptor. In chapter VI of the book I have referred to, Howells says: "Over our heads dwelt a Dalmatian family . . . and we heard them in frequent athletic games, involving noise as of the manœuvring of cavalry."

Later in life, when Mr. Mead had married and settled down in Florence, Moncure Conway visited him. One evening at dinner, old recollections coming to him, Conway suddenly said:

"Oh, by the way, Mead, do you happen to know what became of those superb girls of the Dalmatian Cavalry who used to live in that palace in Venice?"

There was a roar of laughter at this, which Mr. Conway understood when he learned that one of "the superb girls" was his hostess sitting with him at the table, who, of course, had long known of the nickname the young men had bestowed upon them.

"I had great difficulty in getting my work over the mountains"

Mr. Howells, in his Venetian Life, says that the story of the Carraras is the most romantic in the history of that ancient city. I think he need not have gone so far afield, for he could have gotten much nearer home a modern instance in which a chance acquaintance led to a foregone conclusion that ended in a wedding journey.

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Mr. Larkin J. Mead courted the superb Dalmatian girl when they had no common language with which to communicate their thoughts to each other; she could not speak any English, and he had not yet learned Italian. What a tribute to the eloquence of the eyes! I know of nothing finer even in Mr. Howells' own romances, of which I am a devoted admirer.

When any distinguished American came across,—and Mr. Conway seemed to know them all,—it was his hospitable custom to give a reception at his house and thus enlarge their acquaintance. I remember once, after a change of Government in the States, a celebrated politician was entertained who had come over to take charge of one of the Legations on the Continent as Minister.

At that time James Russell Lowell was Minister to England, and there had been some rumors that the political change in America might result in his withdrawal. Minister Lowell had become, as indeed all American Ministers become, exceedingly popular in England, and there was an anxious hope that these rumors were not true. A group of celebrated men pressed round the latest arrival, and one asked him if it was true that Lowell was to leave.

"Yes," said the politician, "it is true."

"Is any reason assigned?"

"Reason?" replied the politician. "You bet there is, and a good one. Another fellow wants the place."

I never knew a more striking instance of international misunderstanding than that answer caused. I knew enough of politics and of the practical politician to be well aware that the answer was made in perfect good faith, and that it was given as conclusive, but the Englishmen present took it as an excellent specimen of American humor, which went to show how absurd it was to believe that a great country would dismiss one of her most notable men without cause.

WHEN LOWELL WAS REBUKED

When James Russell Lowell came to England as Minister I think he shared the hostility which was then latent in so many of his countrymen toward the Old Sod. At the first dinner he attended in London he sat next but one to Mr. Theodore Watts, now Mr. Watts-Dunton, whose recent novel, Aylwin, has been such a success. The conversation turned on the relations between the two countries, and Minister Lowell said, with some emphasis:

"America owes nothing to England."

Mr. Watts leaned across his neighbor and said quietly: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Lowell, but America does owe England a large debt,—of unrequited affection."

It was the soft answer which turned away wrath, and Lowell, first bracing himself to combat any suggestion of obligation, laughed heartily at the decidedly unexpected end of the sentence, the truth of which he came afterward to appreciate.

I had no acquaintance with Mr. Lowell, meeting him only once or twice, and then on business. I had on my hands during his ministry one of those unfortunate Americans who had come over here to do something in the literary way, and who had failed. I saved him from starvation for some weeks, and he said if he could only set foot in the States again he would never more leave her hospitable soil. He was from Indiana, and was certain that if he once got back there he would be all right. In despair, I advised him to see the American Minister, and I gave him a letter of introduction, which is easily and cheaply written.

Mr. Lowell received him kindly, listened to his tale of woe, and gave him a letter to the secretary of a society for the aid of distressed foreigners. The young man was elated, and saw Sandy Hook in his mind's eye, but, a week after the delivery of the letter, the secretary sent his compliments and deeply regretted that the unusual demand upon the funds of the institution rendered it impossible, etc., etc.

•

Then was the young man cast into the depths again, and so, in truth, was I also. I urged him to call a second time on the Minister, and find out whether he had any more cards up his sleeve, but the Indianian had lost courage, and positively refused to face the music, so I went myself.

Mr. Lowell said little, but he was evidently ill-pleased that his application had been rejected. He sat down and wrote a letter to the secretary which was terse and to the point. I wish I possessed it, but I do not, and so quote from memory:

> "*Dear Sir:* For the last three years I have contributed, annually, twenty-five guineas to your society. I regret to learn that you were unable to assist the man I recommended to you a few days ago. If you will kindly return to me one of my three contributions I will send him to America at my own expense, as I am convinced the case is a deserving one.
>
> "Yours very truly,
>
> "J. R. LOWELL."

The society did not return the donation, but it forwarded the Indiana man to New York by the first steamer.

America has a charming habit of sending her literary men on missions abroad. Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Howells, Lowell and many others have served their country at Legations and Consulates, to the enrichment of literature. I think the idea should be still more largely acted upon. If I were President I would send none but newspaper men to the Consulates, for they are trained observers, and would certainly contribute picturesque and interesting reports that would be of more service to the State than the communications of the average practical politician.

Among the newspaper men that President Cleveland banished was William Livingston Alden, of the New York Times, whom he sent to Rome as Consul-General. Mr. Alden has never returned to the United States since, professing a semi-humorous, semi-superstitious belief that if he goes back there's an end to him.

WILLIAM ALDEN'S SUPERSTITIONS

He has many superstitions, but they differ from anybody else's. He will not begin a piece of new work on a Tuesday, being

"Just off on crutches to Japan," said Julian Ralph

convinced that Tuesday, not Friday, is the unlucky day. Friday, he claims, is historically inaccurate, a mistake which had its rise in the Middle Ages, when people were notoriously careless about important things, and he proves his contention mathematically by a bewildering array of figures in logarithm. If he sees a long ladder leaning against a building, he doesn't mind going under it or around it, but he refuses to climb to the top of it; it is at the top end of a ladder that the ill luck is situated, *he* thinks. He believes that our superstitions need remodeling,—that they should be brought up to date.

Years ago when W. L. Alden was doing the sixth column on the editorial page of the

New York Times, I was working the nimble scissors on the Western press, and the blades of those shears simply hungered for Alden's column, for his humor, besides being original, had a quality absent in most of our comic papers,—it was funny.

Being for years an ardent appreciator of Mr. Alden's work, I made some endeavor to become acquainted with him. Coming out of the West to New York, I called at the Times office, but found that the man I wanted to meet did not frequent the newspaper building, as was the daily primitive habit where I lived. Happening into Rome during his official tenure, I called at the Consulate, but Alden was absent on business in Naples. Learning, a year or two later, that he was living at Venice, I called round there, but found only his canoe resting in the cellar of a palace, after its adventures on the raging canals. Its owner was in Paris. Reaching Paris, I found he had gone to Venice to comfort his lonely canoe. Then I gave him up, and began to believe that Alden was a myth, or a syndicate, or something of that sort.

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I received my first letter from him when I was editing a magazine in London, and under the circumstances, considering it was intended to be a serious, businesslike communication, it was rather comical. He set out to explain to me who he was, inclosing a cutting from Mark Twain's book on American Humorists, and other extracts in corroboration of his unassuming intimation that he could perhaps write something worth printing in a professedly humorous periodical.

—a dungeon into which Crane can put a publisher, should the latter prove disagreeable

Curiously enough, I had sent off two days before a letter to Alden, addressed to New York, in the hope of its reaching him and of thus getting into communication with him. I had supposed he was in America, but his letter came from Paris. I replied flippantly and familiarly:

> "*Dear Alden:* Come over to London and bring your canoe. Almost any day you can use it in the streets here, if you take care not to be run over by a 'bus. I am positive your work will be as successful in England as it is in America, and meanwhile we want all you can furnish for this magazine.
>
> "Ever Yours."

This brought him at once to London, and in an office off the Strand I had the pleasure of meeting him. He was extremely pessimistic about his particular brand of humor being popular in England, and was as modest about his work as most capable men are. It had never crossed the ocean, he said.

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MARK TWAIN'S EARLY DAYS

This reminded me of a striking phrase Mark Twain had used in speaking to me of his early days in Nevada:

"I had great difficulty in getting my work over the mountains."

Mr. Clemens, above all things, desired recognition in the Eastern States, and until the Jumping Frog leaped the range of the Rockies he did not get it.

Mr. Alden feared that his humor, like certain wines, would not bear transportation, but this distrust of himself proved entirely unfounded. His success in England was instantaneous, and it has been maintained until the present time. In fact, he achieved two reputations side by side. The King of Italy had made him a Chevalier, but the Lord had made him a humorist before that. As Chevalier Alden, he became the authority on Italian affairs in England, his weighty articles on the various crises in that Kingdom appearing in the heavy reviews. As W. L. Alden he became the welcome witty contributor to the Strand, Pearson's, and other up-to-date magazines of large circulation. And so he lives in London in the summer and makes Rome or Florence his residence in the winter.

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STILLMAN'S SCENT FOR NEWS

The mention of Rome calls another American, noted alike in journalism and in serious literature,—Mr. W. J. Stillman. In my early London days I got many hints in photography from him, as we investigated the first films together. He also was United States Consul at Rome and afterward served in like capacity in Crete. His knowledge of European affairs is extensive, and he has something of the reporter's faculty of being on the spot when a row occurs.

It was once rumored that he had been captured in Greece and was decapitated, and this report was widely credited, in spite of the fact that W. J. Stillman was not, by any means, the man to lose his head in an emergency. One of his anxious friends in England, lacking Stillman's sense of humor, actually telegraphed to him:

> "Is it true you have been beheaded? Answer."

What kind of answer the man expected if the head were off I do not know, but probably he thought that if Stillman's right hand were left the victim might be expected to scribble a telegram.

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For many years Mr. Stillman was the "own" correspondent of the London Times at Rome, a post reckoned hardly inferior in dignity and power to that of the British Ambassador. I have been told that Stillman got a position on the Times through his knowledge of the political storm centres of Europe. It is said that he called upon the editor and told him that trouble was going to break out in a certain spot in the Balkans, asking for the post of war correspondent. The editor did not believe there was going to be any row, and therefore naturally did not see the pressing need of a war correspondent.

"Very well," said Stillman; "I know there is no time to be lost, so I'm off to-night for the Balkans. This will be my address. If you want a man on the ground, telegraph me."

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He had barely reached his destination when the explosion occurred; the Times telegraphed him, and thus for several days that journal had a correspondent in the thick of it, before any other paper was represented.

JULIAN RALPH, THE INVETERATE TRAVELER

Another literary man, novelist and correspondent, who has lately added a European reputation to the one he already possessed in America, is Julian Ralph. It is impossible for any one to know Julian Ralph intimately; he never stays long enough in one place. He is an inveterate traveler,—now in China, now in South America, now in Africa, now in India. I called to see him a few months ago at his London house. "Just off to America," they told me. Then, the other day, hearing he was home, suffering from injuries received in crossing the stormy Atlantic, I felt sure of finding him.

"Just off on crutches to Japan," was the answer to my inquiry for him.

How he ever finds time to write his novels I am sure I don't know. He is the most genial of men when you manage to run him down, but difficult to hold. The last time I dined with him, expecting a nice long evening over the tobacco, he hurriedly excused himself.

"Did I tell you I should have to leave early?" he asked anxiously.

"No. Have you another appointment?"

"Yes, I'm off in half an hour from Charing Cross for the Greco-Turkish war." And sure enough, he was.

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CRANE, AMERICA'S GREATEST GENIUS

Another dabbler in war is Stephen Crane. Stephen is a law unto himself, and is, in my opinion, probably the greatest genius America has produced since Edgar Allan Poe, to whom, I fancy, he bears some resemblance. I hope no more wars will break out for a few years to come; if one does, a logging chain wouldn't keep Crane away from it. If, like Sir Joseph Porter, he will "stick close to his desk and never go to war," I think he will write the great American novel we have all been waiting for. He is just in the place to do it. He has taken an ancient mansion in a huge park, through which runs the River Brede, near the Sussex coast of England, and there quietness reigns, conducive to good writing. The house possesses a dungeon into which he can put a publisher, should the latter prove disagreeable.

The manor-house of Brede Place was built in the fourteenth century, and enlarged by Sir Goddard Oxenbridge in 1530. Sir Goddard was a character somewhat too strong for a modern novel. He was reputed to be very fond of children, but alas! as a cannibal. Neither arrow, ax, sword nor spear could kill him, and, of course, the huge self-cocking revolver which Stephen brought back with him from Cuba was not invented then.

All this rather handicapped the neighbors, who wished to be rid of him. However, they were an ingenious lot, so they surrounded Sir Goddard, pegged him out on the lawn and cut him in two with a wooden saw. This exercise in long division completely discouraged the titled cannibal. But they were not yet quit of him, for his ghost haunted the house, the head attending to one portion of the mansion while the legs perambulated another, thus giving the effect of two ghosts, while one was bad enough. Later, smugglers took advantage of the reputation of the place, and plied their trade with the adjacent coast, unmolested by the authorities and protected by the duplex ghost of Sir G.

Mr. Crane has a private chapel in the mansion, and the right to an exclusive door into the ancient parish church, both of which I hope he uses assiduously.

WHEN CRANE WAS IN THE LINE OF FIRE

George Lynch, the war correspondent at Cuba for the London Chronicle, who is now lecturing throughout England on the late campaign, tells a picturesque story of Stephen Crane.

A company under fire was badly in need of water, and water was seven miles away, down hill at that. Stephen collected all the tin canteens he could find and trotted off for the refreshment. Coming wearily back, there was a sharp ping against one of the cans, and it began to leak. Stephen turned up the can and tried to stop the leak. An officer in the woods near by shouted to him:

"Come here, quick! You're in the line of fire!"

"If you've got a knife, cut a plug and bring it to me," replied the young man, and, as he spoke, bang went a bullet against another can.

"Come under cover, or you'll lose every can you've got!"

This warning had its effect. The loss of the precious fluid terrified him in a way that the danger to himself had failed to do. He finally brought the water up to the thirsty company, and then fainted through exhaustion.

Coming back from turmoil and stress you might imagine he was writing stories of the war. As a matter of fact, he is at the present moment engaged in a series of stories in which boys are the heroes, giving the character of the small boy as it actually is. He is also about one-third on with a novel, commenced before the Cuban campaign, the scene of which is Greece.

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HENRY HARLAND AS A DUELIST

Henry Harland is another American who has made two reputations. His first fame was accomplished as Sydney Luska in New York, when by hard work,—rising at three o'clock in the morning, and binding a wet towel round his brows to keep him awake,—he turned out As It Was Written, Mrs. Peshawda (I can't spell it, but I think that is the way it is pronounced), and other startling novels. I always thought these good stories, but Harland doesn't seem to agree with me, and it is well, on meeting him, not to make the mistake of complimenting him upon them.

As Sydney Luska he is unknown in England, but as Henry Harland he has a high reputation as a worker in real literature, his books of short stories, Mademoiselle Miss and Gray Roses, being considered in the first rank by all competent critics. He writes comparatively little, and between whiles founded and edited what Zangwill called The Sere and Yellow Book.

—"perhaps you can tell me of some country printer who belongs to this century"

I met Harland first in Paris. We had been chosen through some chance as seconds in a duel. A literary man resident in the French capital had a controversy with a Count, and we stood by the literary man. The Count backed out, and as I could not stay in Paris till his courage returned, I, much to my regret, failed to see the conflict, and, when it did come off, Harland also could not attend. However, as the literary man shot the Count's ear off, the story ended happily, as all literary stories should.

I hardly know what nationality to assign to Gilbert Parker. He was born, I believe, on shipboard, opposite Quebec, at the very threshold of the country of which he is rapidly becoming the Sir Walter Scott. Henry Harland was born in St. Petersburg, but is a good American; and, although Clark Russell was born in New York, he is none the less an Englishman; so, perhaps Gilbert Parker is an Australian,—a part of the world in which he has spent a portion of his life.

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PARKER AND THE AMERICAN PRINTER

Parker is a man of indomitable energy, which, united with brains, makes success inevitable. His rise has been rapid, and thoroughly well deserved. I got some insight into his methods by staying a week with him at Mablethorpe, a village on the east coast of England, where the greater part of The Seats of the Mighty was written. Although he has a fine suite of rooms in the St. James quarter of London, he generally takes to the woods when he has an important piece of work on hand. At Mablethorpe he was surrounded by immense tomes of history in all languages relating to the period with which his romance dealt, for he is not content to write entertainingly, but must have accuracy as well.

As an instance of his energy and resource the following story may serve. Before he attained his present fame he landed in New York and learned that, through an error about dates, one of his early books had to be set up and printed within three days, otherwise he would lose his American copyright in the volume. It was too important a matter to entrust to any one else, so he took hold of the crisis with characteristic vim. The manuscript under his arm, he visited printing office after printing office, but the big offices had contracts which couldn't be set aside, and the smaller firms had not the facilities, so things began to look pretty blue, and, as it was a race against time, every moment lost in the search was a disaster.

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He even tried a newspaper office or two, for all he wanted was the book put into type, in any shape, as long as he could get proofs, but every newspaper office had its own work to do, so the blueness deepened. At last he thought of a huge firm of commercial printers, and as he was about at the end of his tether, he resolved to appeal to the national pride of the manager. He came upon a quiet, masterful-looking individual, who sat in a swivel chair, rolling round in his teeth an unlit cigar. Parker flung down the manuscript on the desk before him.

"Look here," he said. "I want that set up so that I can have proofs within three days. Now, if I were in London there would be no trouble, but here in New York it seems it can't be done. Perhaps you can tell me of a printer in America who is alive. Had I better go up to Poughkeepsie or over to Jersey? *Is* there a real printing office anywhere about? I don't care how the printing is done; don't want any corrections made; I merely want the proofs in three days. I don't suppose *you* can do it, but perhaps you can tell me of some country printer who belongs to this century."

The silent man made no reply, but kept on rolling his cigar about. He glanced at the first page, and seemed to estimate the number of words it contained, then looked at the end of the manuscript and saw how many pages there were. All this with the utmost deliberation, while the author stood before him tense with anxiety.

Then the manager pressed an electric button, and presently a man in his shirt sleeves appeared. The boss quietly handed him the copy.

"Set that up in nonpareil," he said; "any size of page you like, depending on what machines you have idle and the paper in stock. Print, fold and bind six copies, and have them on my desk here at ten sharp to-morrow morning."

The man in shirt sleeves departed without a word, and then the manager drawled:

"We don't need any three days in N'York. The Lord made the world in six. Good-night."

A lovely example of Greek meeting Greek.

BRET HARTE'S LOVE FOR LUXURY

Bret Harte works away quietly in London, and seems to like the town, although the climate can hardly bear comparison with that of California. The effete luxury of the capital appears to suit him better than the rigors of the backwoods. I was speaking with him once on this subject, and upholding the rigid life Henry Thoreau had led at Walden Pond, as compared with the luxurious surroundings of many modern authors. I advocated a return to the simpler habits of our ancestors.

"Yes," he said, "living on parched peas sounds very fine in a book. When I visited Emerson I was astonished to find how close Walden Pond was to the Emerson homestead, and I commented on this. I had imagined that the pond was away out in the wilderness, miles from any human habitation. Before Emerson could reply, Mrs. Emerson spoke up in the tone of a woman exposing a humbug: "Oh, yes, Henry took good care not to get out of hearing of our dinner-horn."

Although I have not exhausted the list of American authors in London, I fear if I go further I shall exhaust the patience of the reader. It is no longer necessary for an American author to come personally to London if he wants to try a gamble on the literary green cloth. There has arisen of late a number of capable literary agents whose sole business is the selling of manuscripts, and usually they do a great deal better for an author than he can do for himself.

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Syndicating Our Sorrows

THE most selfish man in the world is the one who is most unselfish,—with his sorrows. He does not leave a single misery of his untold to you, or unsuffered by you,—he gives you all of them. The world becomes to him a syndicate formed to take stock in his private cares, worries and trials. His mistake is in forming a syndicate; he should organize a trust and control it all himself, then he could keep every one from getting any of his misery.

Life is a great, serious problem for the individual. All our greatest joys and our deepest sorrows come to us,—alone. We must go into our Gethsemane,—alone. We must battle against the mighty weakness within us,—alone. We must live our own life,—alone. We must die,—alone. We must accept the full responsibility of our life,—alone. If each one of us has this mighty problem of life to solve for himself, if each of us has his own cares, responsibilities, failures, doubts, fears, bereavements, we surely are playing a coward's part when we syndicate our sorrows to others.

We should seek to make life brighter for others; we should seek to hearten them in their trials by the example of our courage in bearing our sorrows. We should seek to forget our failures, and remember only the new wisdom they gave us; we should live down our griefs by counting the joys and privileges still left to us; put behind us our worries and regrets, and face each new day of life as bravely as we can. But we have no right to retail our sorrow and unhappiness through the community.

Autobiography constitutes a large part of the conversation of some people. It is not really conversation,—it is an uninterrupted monologue. These people study their individual lives with a microscope, and then they throw an enlarged view of their miseries on a screen and lecture on them, as a stereopticon man discourses on the microbes in a drop of water. They tell you that "they did not sleep a wink all night; they heard the clock strike every quarter of an hour." Now, there is no real cause for thus boasting of insomnia. It requires no peculiar talent,—even though it does come only to wide-awake people.

If you ask such a man how he is feeling, he will trace the whole genealogy of his present condition down from the time he had the grippe four years ago. You hoped for a word; he gives you a treatise. You asked for a sentence; he delivers an encyclopedia. His motto is: "Every man his own Boswell." He is syndicating his sorrows.

The woman who makes her trials with her children, her troubles with her servants, her difficulties with her family, the subjects of conversation with her callers is syndicating her sorrows. If she has a dear little innocent child who recites Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night, is it not wiser for the mother to bear it calmly and discreetly and in silence, than to syndicate this sorrow?

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The business man who lets his dyspepsia get into his disposition, and who makes every one round him suffer because he himself is ill, is syndicating ill-health. We have no right to make others the victims of our moods. If illness makes us cross and irritable, makes us unjust to faithful workers who cannot protest, let us quarantine ourselves so that we do not spread the contagion. Let us force ourselves to speak slowly, to keep anger away from the eyes, to prevent temper showing in the voice. If we feel that we *must* have dyspepsia, let us keep it out of our head, let us keep it from getting north of the neck.

Most people sympathize too much with themselves. They take themselves as a single sentence isolated from the great text of life. They study themselves too much as separated from the rest of humanity, instead of being vitally connected with their fellow-men. There are some people who surrender to sorrow as others give way to dissipation. There is a vain pride of sorrow as well as of beauty. Most individuals have a strange glow of vanity in looking back upon their past and feeling that few others in life have suffered such trials, hardships and disappointments as have come to them.

When Death comes into the little circle of loved ones who make up our world, all life becomes dark to us. We seem to have no reason for existing, no object, no incentive, no hope. The love that made struggle and effort bearable for us,—is gone. We stare, dry-eyed, into the future, and see no future; we want none. Life has become to us a past,—with no future. It is but a memory, without a hope.

Then in the divine mystery of Nature's processes, under the tender, soothing touch of Time, as days melt into weeks, we begin to open our eyes gently to the world around us, and the noise and tumult of life jars less and less upon us. We have become emotionally convalescent. As the days go on, in our deep love, in the fullness of our loyalty, we protest often, with tears in our eyes, against our gradual return to the spirit and atmosphere of the days of the past. We feel in a subtle way a new pain, as if we were disloyal to the dear one, as if we were faithless to our love. Nature sweetly turns aside our protesting hands, and says to us, "There is no disloyalty in permitting the wounds to lessen their pain, to heal gradually, if Time foreordain that they can heal." There are some natures, all-absorbed in a mighty love, wherein no healing is possible,—but these are rare souls in life.

Bitter though our anguish be, we have no right to syndicate our sorrow. We have no right to cast a gloom over happy natures by our heavy weight of crape, by serving the term prescribed by Society for wearing the livery of mourning,—as if real grief thought of a uniform. We have no right to syndicate our grief by using note-paper with a heavy black border as wide as a hatband, thus parading our personal sorrow to others in their happiest moments.

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If life has not gone well with us, if fortune has left us disconsolate, if love has grown cold, and we sit alone by the embers; if life has become to us a valley of desolation, through which weary limbs must drag an unwilling body till the end shall come,—let us not radiate such an atmosphere to those round us; let us not take strangers through the catacombs of our life, and show the bones of our dead past; let us not pass our cup of sorrow to others, but, if we must drink it, let us take it as Socrates did his poison hemlock,—grandly, heroically and uncomplainingly.

If your life has led you to doubt the existence of honor in man and virtue in woman; if you feel that religion is a pretense, that spirituality is a sham, that life is a failure, and death the entrance to nothingness; if you have absorbed all the poison philosophy of the world's pessimists, and committed the folly of believing it,—don't syndicate it.

If your fellow-man is clinging to one frail spar, the last remnant of a noble, shipwrecked faith in God and humanity, let him keep it. Do not loosen his fingers from his hope, and tell him it is a delusion. How do you know? Who told you it was so?

If these high-tide moments of life sweep your faith in Omnipotence into nothingness, if the friend in whom you have put all faith in humanity and humanity's God betray you, do not eagerly accept the teachings of those modern freethinkers who syndicate their infidelity at so much per reserved seat. Seek to recover your lost faith by listening to the million voices that speak of infinite wisdom, infinite love, that manifest themselves in nature and humanity, and then build up as rapidly as you can a new faith, a faith in something higher, better and truer than you have known before.

You may have *one* in the world to whom you may dare show with the fullness of absolute confidence and perfect faith any thought, any hope, any sorrow,—but you dare not trust them to the world. Do not show the world through your Bluebeard chamber; keep your trials and sorrows as close to you as you can till you have mastered them. Don't weaken others by thus syndicating your miseries.—THE EDITOR.

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Weakness and Strength of the Administration

THE memorable election of 1896 gave to the country a President and a House of Representatives pledged to what had come to be called "sound money." The aftermath came in the autumn of 1898. The Republicans then carried the House, and secured control of the Senate also. When these elections came on the country had already accepted the plea that nothing could be done for the finances in the Fifty-fifth Congress because of a hostile Senate; but now it was hoped that some sound system would be promptly formulated, and the new Congress called together to enact it into law while election day was still far in the future.

But gold is now abundant, no panic is in sight, no extra session is to be called, and we must make up our minds that we are to have no currency reform. The great issue of 1896 has been adjourned and must be fought over again in some future election. The Administration seems to have adopted the philosophy of the dweller in the leaky cabin, who, having replied to the "Arkansas traveler" that he could not repair his roof in the rain, next answered, "Sir, I don't cover it in dry weather, because then it doesn't leak a drop."

It is the "greenback" which is in that way,—that "endless chain" that has so often pumped the Treasury dry. It must be retired, or its power for evil must be taken away. The Administration is unwilling now to attack the problem. Among its supporters in the West there is a sentimental love for the greenback, "the money that saved the Union," just as there is among many Democratic voters a hatred of all national banks that has come down from Andrew Jackson.

But if the Fifty-fifth Congress did nothing for the stability of our currency, it made in other respects a monumental record. It redeemed the Republican pledge to pass a high tariff bill. It appropriated, without a dissenting vote, $50,000,000 to enable the President to prepare for war,—a display of patriotism that electrified the country. It declared a war the most altruistic in history,—a war the prime motive of which was not so much to avenge the destruction of the Maine as to put a stop to the awful cruelties of Weylerism.

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The Spanish-American War was as short, as decisive and almost as brilliant as the Franco-German War. Our naval victories were unparalleled, and this Administration and the Fifty-fifth Congress are fairly entitled to the glory of having crowned and completed that "more perfect union" of the States and the people, which was the aspiration of our forefathers in the preamble of the Constitution.

Congress has enacted a much-needed law for reorganizing the personnel of the Navy, but its refusal to allow any new armored vessels to be built except upon the impossible condition of obtaining armor at $300 per ton was a cruel disappointment. An Army has been raised large enough for all probable exigencies, the necessary moneys have been voted, and a general policy for Cuba has been formulated, but the ratification of the treaty without conditions has left in the air all the problems growing out of the possession of the ceded islands. Beyond the maintenance of our authority, and an intimation of the "open door" in the Philippines, the President has indicated no policy, and Congress has made no declaration on either of these questions.

The adjournment of the Fifty-fifth Congress, therefore, leaves us looking forward to another battle in 1900 over money standards, and to the incoming Congress for settlement of policies affecting our newly acquired territory.

Which will be dominant next year,—the silver question or the Philippines,—and what is to be the shape of the issues that are to come out of our possession of the famous archipelago? Much will depend upon the course of events, but it is easy to see that these questions await a verdict at the polls in 1900. Congress, when it meets in December, will not, on the eve of another election, attempt any radical financial legislation, and, while it may modify, it cannot withdraw from the people the question of the Philippines.

—Ex-Secretary of the Navy HILARY A. HERBERT.

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Is Kipling's Fame as a Poet Secure?

WHEN the once famous poet, Thomas Campbell,—Tom Campbell, as his contemporaries called him,—was told by his friend Pringle that he must go and hear Edward Irving preach, with the added argument, "Everybody runs after him," the reply of Campbell was, "So they will after every novelty, and get tired." The poet was no doubt thinking mainly of preachers, but if he had lived to this time, and especially in America, he would have extended it to his own vocation, and would have trembled for his own fame. To those who recall the enormous temporary popularity of Philip James Bailey, of Alexander Smith, and even of Du Maurier, and who often see the utter neglect, within a year or two, of productions lately thought so fine, all literary fame must begin to look a little insecure.

Campbell was a shy and reticent man, and we do not know what was his real opinion of himself, amid the incense of admiration which rose about him for a time; but two things are clearly certain: that he was at one period the great and crowning lyrist of the British nation,—at a time when every schoolboy declaimed Lochiel and Hohenlinden; and that now, on the other hand, one seldom hears him mentioned in his own country. He shares with Southey and Rogers the oblivion from which some men less esteemed in their day, and notably Wordsworth, have escaped.

It is safe to say that nothing yet written by Mr. Kipling has had the immense response which greeted Campbell's Ye Mariners of England and The Battle of the Baltic. They had the vast advantage which the ear possesses over the eye as the medium of sympathy. They were sung wherever God Save the King was sung, and, indeed, followed it on the program wherever sailors and soldiers came together. They seemed as immortal as the national aspirations, for they reached even the illiterate multitude.

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Nothing in the English language got such an audience; whereas Mr. Kipling has as yet won the hearing of the ear for nothing set to music except the Road to Mandalay, the most graceful and therefore the least characteristic of his productions. Of his later poems, Recessional is the poem of one nation only, and the Russian Bear is a partisan pamphlet in rhyme, while The White Man's Burden represents only a party, though one just now in power in England, while its very doctrine is abhorrent to those in England and America who still represent the principles which abolished slavery. He has never been, as Campbell was, the poet who struck undisputed the song of England's greatness. Even at this day, if Henry Russell were to come back among us and to sing either of Campbell's two great war songs as he used to sing it half a century ago, Kipling's comparatively parlor muse would be for the time forgotten.

Lord Byron said of Campbell: "As there is honor among thieves, let there be some among poets, and give each his due; none can afford to give it better than Mr. Campbell himself, who, with a high reputation for originality and a fame which cannot be shaken, is the only poet of the times who can be reproached with having written too little." "He has wings," said Scott of Campbell, "that would bear him to the skies. . . What a grand idea is that about second sight, 'Coming events cast their shadows before.' . . . He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him." When Scott read Hohenlinden to his friend, the poet Leyden, the latter said, "Tell the fellow that I hate him, but he has written the finest verses that have been published for these fifty years." Can it be that all poetry which is merely national or merely warlike is in its nature temporary; and that only such as touches the deeper strings of human sympathy will survive? —THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

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The Camera as an Educator

IF WE are not a nation of artists, as the French are said to be, there is yet hope for us in the increasing yearly output of cameras and the development of innumerable dry-plates and films. The all-seeing eye of the modern lens has sharpened the vision of thousands who never before looked a second time at a bit of landscape or stopped for a moment to consider refinement of poise in the human figure.

Quite apart from any considerations of abstract art, though, is the fact that the camera is a fine teacher of the observing faculties, and, it follows, an educator of the judgment. That photography is so common makes it all the greater pleasure and distinction to do work that is separated from the mass. It stimulates ambition to excel, and to do this demands application and the acquisition of special knowledge. We are by no means unappreciative of landscape art in America. Our painters in this field are now estimated with the foremost of the world.

We may fairly attribute some of this appreciation to the camera. We have been led to look at Nature with an eye to seeing beauty, even if our notions of wherein that may consist are vague to a degree. No one can even try to see, however, without becoming in a measure a discoverer. There is always a sense of surprise in looking at a photograph or painting of a familiar scene. We can but wonder at our blindness.

Far more reaching than these aspects of the educational value of the camera is the work it has done in enabling us to view the uttermost parts of the earth, and to gain impressions of the ways of the people that inhabit them. The great paintings, sculpture and architecture of all time have been copied and brought within the reach of thousands who will never be able to see the originals. The modern traveler and explorer who penetrates into some previously undiscovered country verifies his narrative of adventure with photographs.

Mere description, even though it be graphic and enlivened with a vivid imagination, never gives us quite a realizing sense of strange people and scenes. The tangibility of the sketch or the photograph is worth pages of words. Future generations will have abundant record of nearly every aspect of our contemporary history, and to us of the present the photograph has been invaluable in bringing recent momentous events before our eyes.

The sun is one of our great recorders of history.

—JAMES B. CARRINGTON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WITH A WORD OR TWO OF COMMENT

Editor Saturday Evening Post

In his editorial, The Path Back to Colonialism, Doctor Higginson, in the close of the article, decries the use of arms for spreading civilization by means of missionaries. But is there no such thing as righteous indignation?

Our missionaries risk their lives in India, Africa, China, to tell the heathen of a God, and though peaceable and peace-loving, fanatics burn their houses and massacre these self-sacrificing men and women. Are we, then, to sit calmly at home and do nothing to avenge their deaths? The barbarians should be taught that the persons of American missionaries are sacred. H HAZELTINE

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

[Doctor Higginson seems explicit on this point. He says: "Armed conquest, even for alleged missionary purposes, ends in carrying us back to the old Mohammedan war-cry, 'The Koran or the Sword.'"

His meaning seems very clear. We have no right to force the Gospel into the hearts of the heathen at the end of a sword. We have no right to gag them to take Christianity as if it were medicine. We have no right to make missionary work a *pretext* for waging war against other nations. Doctor Higginson shows no opposition to missionaries or to protecting them as citizens. He does, however, rightly protest against waging war for *alleged* missionary purposes. He does not believe in acquiring territory under the pretense of saving souls.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post

Shall we give up our legends? Emphatically we shall. Legends are untruths nine times out of ten,—merely fiction. We shall soon get into fiction altogether. Legendism and sensationalism are one and the same. Mr Skinner says in his editorial, history and legend are the same, only legend is much broader. Webster defines legend as "a remarkable story" and history as "a record." What a difference between the two!

At any rate, there are enough truths in this life to believe without going to extremes. Honor heroes, but do not make gods of them. Do not hold them up as such for posterity. While we live in this life all men are equa

In conclusion, embellish facts if you will, but do not make legends out of them.

Miltonsburgh, Ohio. D. W. L.

[Legends are not ready made by any one man, as one writes a poem or paints a picture. To have a legend one must have a long period of time through which some story filters through the mind and life of generations,—a story that becomes modified by the number of hands through which it passes, so that one cannot separate what is real and true from what has been added. We can never make legends conciously; they merely mean history of doubtful parentage and of questioned authenticity.—The Editor]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post.

Apropos your charming editorial titled Swords and Scabbards, do you not deem one of the evil tendencies, and one indicative of the times, the tendency of character to conform to reputation, in place of endeavoring to found reputation upon the real character? Our desire to appear stoical, brave, wealthy, worldly, or whatever we are not, leads us frequently into ridiculous predicaments, into undesirable friendships, into unpropitious surroundings.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. W. H S.

[This desire to affect others by our actions, to live a life of pretense, surely weakens the individual. Reputation is but a mask, character is the face. Our masks deceive less than we think; some time the mask must fall, no matter how cleverly we hold it.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post.

I was an interested reader of the editorial on the Unpopularity of the American in a recent issue. I should like to say a few words from the standpoint of a Canadian, who is in a position to know.

Americans are always ready to take the last pound of flesh and give nothing in return. This is illustrated in their treaty-making with Spain. I venture to state that more sympathy has been roused for Spain and more contempt for the States during those days when Spain had to submit to every demand, and not even a proposal of hers was held worthy of consideration.

No one will attempt to deny that the United States has matchless resources, and is capable of reaching and is fast [illegible] to the goal of being the greatest nation, but so long as they hold to their schoolboy policy of "whole hog or none," and "I'll take the ducks and you take the crown, or else you take the crows and I'll take the ducks," they will be unpopular.

Toronto, Ontario. CANADIAN.

[The "schoolboy policy" is not a peculiarly American disease. If national generosity were to be made the test of popularity, would there be a popular nation on earth? The charge that America is a national Shylock is a matter of opinion; on matters of opinion there is no court of final appeal.

One man cannot be unpopular for a characteristic that all men possess. This is equally true of nations. Great Britain surely is not wearing generosity medals given her by other nations. I cannot recall any war that Great Britain ever waged that led admiring nations to send baskets of flowers to her.

What is true of Great Britain applies equally strongly to every other Power in Europe. There are three great causes of the unpopularity of the American,—his power, his progress and his prosperity.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post.

In a recent editorial, Shall We Give Up Our Legends? Mr. Skinner makes a strong plea against the destruction of our legends, especially those associated with the names of great men.

Without attempting to attack his position, I should like to ask if the inherent beauty and worth of these beliefs compensate for their lack of truth? Is not truth as potent for good as these legends founded on untruth or only on partial truth? E. S. H

Russellville, Arkansas.

[The inherent beauty and the moral lessons legends teach are surely sufficient justification for them. A legend may be true, but it cannot be historically verified. Legends do not pretend to deceive; they proclaim this to the reader in their very name. They say: "Here I am; take me for what I am worth. The lesson I teach is true, even though the incidents that make me have been invented."

The lesson is the soul of the legend or allegory or parable;—if that be true, it matters little about the garb in which it is presented. The beautiful story of The Prodigal Son is just as true, in the highest sense of the word, as if it were an actual occurrence that took place in the Holy Land on a given date. If it were actual it would be limited as an individual case. It reaches our hearts more deeply because it is typical; it represents thousands of life-histories focussed in a parable.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post.

In speaking of the eagerness which the Americans are evincing in adopting certain methods and customs of the English, especially the English colonial policy, Mr. Higginson said in a recent editorial in the Post, "But the sudden eagerness to follow in England's pathway does not come from the Atlantic Coast, but rather from the great impetuous West, which until recently spurned the thought of copying so much as the cut of a coat from England."

The people of the West, the sturdy, self reliant pioneers of civilization, are and always have been the first to resent foreign customs and influences. They have repeatedly asserted at the ballot-box that the United States is large enough and powerful enough to define or change its financial policy without the cooperation of England or any other foreign nation, and if a vote could be taken at the present time on the colonial policy of the Administration throughout the States west of the Mississippi River, the majority would be overwhelmingly against it.

Independence and freedom are the watchwords of the West,—independence for the inhabitants of the Islands acquired from Spain wherever they desire it, and freedom from all imperialistic tendencies in our own country. HORACE MALLOY.

Colfax, Colorado.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post

Regarding the question as to whether a man would live his life the same if he could live it over, it must be borne in mind that if he could go back with the wisdom and experience of fifty he would undoubtedly live it differently.

But this he would not do; he would have to begin where he before began,—entirely without knowledge and experience. If his environments, conditions and temptations were the same and he refused to be guided by the wisdom and experience of older people and pious people (a very important matter, if you will remark), he would without doubt to my mind, live it just as he had lived it before. To contend the opposite is to acknowledge the very weakness that made him live it as he did.

Lewes, Delaware. JESSE C. TAYLOR.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, in his recent editorial in the POST entitled Changed Ways of Honoring Our Heroes, has to my mind laid a most undeserved insult upon the American people of to-day.

Mr Hitchcock, in taking up the cudgels in defense of Admiral Sampson's claims as the hero of the Santiago naval battle, says "no city, no Chamber of Commerce, no State Legislature, no comprehensive body of citizens has paused to give formal recognition to the work done by the Admiral of the fleet." Mr Hitchcock is wrong. At this writing a Joint Committee of the New Jersey [illegible] State, or at least the State in which he now makes his home,—is considering designs for a $1000 sword which will be presented to him.

But this is the least of Mr. Hitchcock's errors. He draws an invidious comparison between the patriotism of the people during the War of 1812 and during the war just ended, and asks if the patriotism of 1898 is "more or less reasonable and reasoning than in the War of 1812?"

The patriotism of 1898 was every bit as noble as that of 1812. The people then and now loved bravery and honored merit.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. A. M H

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

If any one is disposed to criticise the author of What Shall We Say of This Man? the fault is not with Mr. Hawthorne nor yet with his argument, but is rather a failure to [illegible]

The Master taught the necessity of becoming as little children as the first step toward an entrance to the Kingdom of Heaven. A man does not have to be a saint in order to perform a Christlike act. "By their fruits ye shall know them": the only rule which Christ gave by which to judge either conduct or motive. Not what they *thought*, nor what they believed, but what they *did*. The deed is the exponent of the thought.

If the great deeds of all the noble heroes the world delights to honor had to be analyzed, how many of them think you, would stand the test of comparison by the side of the O Donnells or by the side of the commonplace heroes one meets in every-day life who are simply doing the best they can?

Prospectville, Pa. ROBERT S. MANN

[You surely have misread your Bible. All of Christ's teachings emphasize the vital importance of *motives*,—of the spirit behind the act. If the spirit were not good the act could not be. The fruit could not be good unless the tree is good: "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." The necessity of "becoming as little children" implies purity, faith and simplicity in the thought.

The widow was commended for her gift of the mite because of her spirit. The Scribes and Pharisees were arraigned for their acts because their motives were bad. "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." So the quotations might run on. Faith, belief, love were ever put forth by Christ as fundamentals without which the act counted for little. It is this very element of consideration of motives that differentiates Christianity from all other religions.—The Editor]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post

In Andrew Carnegie's article against expansion he contradicts his own views. His fear that the President or his Cabinet never thought of the "fatal fact of distance" should cause him no worry, for he admits "that his concern ships steel to all parts of the world," and "that the foreign,"—the competitive,—"business is growing by leaps and bounds."

Americans had the "open door" privilege when Spain ruled the islands, but there were also other doors, guarded by [illegible] officials, who had to be [illegible] gifts before admittance could be gained. Spanish rule is a synonym with treachery and war. American government means protection and peace; a vast difference this to a man who contemplates engaging in the Philippine trade.

Nemo, S. Dakota. HARRY MATZEN

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Your editorial on The Red Tape of Duty is an interesting and instructive article but here nothing kind to be said for duty?

Duty creeps laboriously" is an expression. Indeed it does, and in its patient creeping, unInspired by love, unrewarded by the joy of love, is its nobility. Is it not noble to die as the boy on the burning deck or the Pompeii guard if done even under a false sense of right? Is it not noble to labor from the mere sense of right?

Your point on the "morbid faithfulness to discipline" is well worked out, but duty has not received its just recognition.

Fresno, Oklahoma L. H R

[There is truly a certain quality of nobility in the consecration, persistency and faithfulness of the mere discharge of duty. The editorial on The Red Tape of Duty recognized the sense of duty as good,—good as a beginning, but hard and incomplete without love. Duty is but a substitute for love. Never an equivalent. Why glorify a substitute when you can give man a reality?

If you were seeking to convert a pagan mother from her false sense of duty in throwing her children to the crocodiles as a sacrifice to the gods, would you tell her that her faithfulness to a false sense of duty was a noble thing? If you would lead a man to the acceptance of higher, truer and better motives in living, you must glorify them to him, make him realize their infinite superiority to what he has, then you must show him how he may attain this new gift of richness and strength. There is nothing that a man does in life through a sense of duty but could be done easier and better through love, and there is no single instance where the love could not be made the working motive. Why, then, over-laud the sense of duty?—The Editor.]

RECONSTRUCTION IN CUBA and PORTO RICO

By Ex-Secretary of the Navy
Hilary A. Herbert

A recent interviewer reports General [illegible] as saying that the Porto Ricans are no more fit for self government than he is to run a steam engine; and further, that they are a treacherous people, etc.

It is peculiarly unfortunate that such expressions of opinion should be attributed to an officer who is charged with the duty of extending American rule over a people who are entire strangers to our ideas and methods. If General Henry entertains these opinions he might very properly embody them in his official reports, but to circulate them in print is an inexcusable blunder which, it is to be hoped, he will disclaim.

Military rule in Porto Rico and Cuba is for the present a necessity. The absolute power it implies is flexible, and can adapt itself to the many unforeseen exigencies that must arise in these islands. But the iron hand of the military despot, especially when his task is to lift a people up to a higher plane of living and thinking, should always be gloved in velvet. Such an officer should, all the more because he is an autocrat, entitle himself to the regard of those whose obedience and aid he must necessarily have in maintaining order and introducing new methods.

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These peoples are naturally watchful and full of mistrust. "When the stranger rules the people mourn" has been upon the lips and in the hearts of men who were ruled by strangers ever since the days of Solomon. On the other hand, it is also true that the exercise of unlimited power gives numberless opportunities to win regard and even affection.

We had our era of reconstruction just after the Civil War, and the circumstances were peculiarly distressing. Whether justified in the belief or not, the fact is that a majority of the white race in the reconstructed States did feel that it was the intent of the new laws to place the negro to rule over them, and yet there were many officers, high and low, among those administering the reconstruction laws who faithfully performed their duties and at the same time won great regard from those over whom they ruled. One of these was General Schofield, who commanded in North Carolina.

It ought not to be difficult in Porto Rico, with proper care and circumspection, to teach the inhabitants that American rule is at least better than the treatment they have had at the hands of the Spaniard.

In Cuba, the problem before us is more complicated. We have, it is true, announced our intention to establish there a stable government and to allow the Island her independence, and it is to be hoped that we will adhere to this policy; but Cuba is divided into parties and factions. First, there are those who were loyal to Spain and those who were rebels; then there are those who desire annexation to the United States and those who desire independence; and finally, we have the reconcilables represented by General Gomez and the apparently irreconcilables represented by the Military Assembly, which is already claiming governmental powers. Fortunately, we have seen nothing from General Brooke to indicate that he is not the man for the occasion, and he is ably seconded by General Lee, who is in command of the province of Havana, and who has already won much admiration from the Cubans.

It may be profitable hereafter, and it certainly will be interesting, to study the situation in Cuba and Porto Rico as events shall develop. In the meantime, the President, aided by a healthful public sentiment, should hold our officers in these islands up to a full performance of all their duties to the peoples who are committed to their charge, including among those duties a due regard for Spanish sensibilities.

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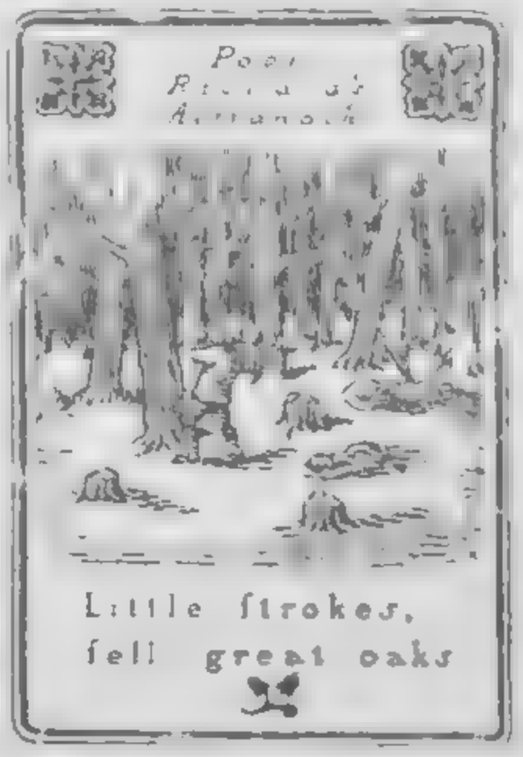


PUBLICK OCCURRENCES

That Are Making History

Lack of Time Preventing the Promotion of Heroes

While the late Congress in passing the bill for the reorganization of the personnel of the Navy brought substantial advantages to many deserving officers in that service, it turned a pretty cold shoulder toward the officers of the Army and Navy whom the President wished to reward for distinguished services in the war with Spain

The list of nominations was a long one, that of the Army alone containing 625 names, the services, however, were so recent and conspicuous that the public have a pretty clear running idea of the names of the officers whom the President sought to promote by brevets, grades and numbers. They include Shafter, Roosevelt, Duffield, Sampson, Schley, the Captains of Santiago's victory, the gallant Wainwright and the intrepid Hobson.

By Presidential and Congressional action Dewey came off the best of all. Otis fared well for Manila, and Miller for Iloilo, and a few officers in the Cuban campaign secured deserved advancement. The naval personnel bill made no promotions whatever for war services, hence both the Army and the Navy suffered by the want of action on the part of the Senate, due to the lack of time

An American Appeal for Filipino Independence

A number of eminent American citizens, all men of large acquaintance with public affairs, have signed and are circulating for further signatures an appeal for the Filipinos which represents in a nutshell the views of the anti-imperialists.

It is a protest against what is termed the spirit of militarism and force, and a declaration that no events before or since the war justify the attitude of the American Government toward the people of the Philippines

The first part of the appeal proposes that the Government shall take immediate steps toward a suspension of hostilities against the Filipinos, and seek a conference with the leaders on the basis of recognizing their freedom and independence "as soon as proper guarantees can be had of order and protection to property."

The high standing of the gentlemen who issued the appeal entitles their views to serious consideration. How far their wishes may accord with the intentions of the Government it is impossible to indicate, for it is quite possible that the Government has no clearly defined policy in a matter that has come to it wholly without expectation, and that has shown from the outset most complicating and delicate phases

One thing is absolutely certain, order and authority must be established before any practical form of government, permanent or temporary, by Americans or natives, is possible.

President McKinley Keeping Down the National Expenses

From the day that war with Spain first seemed unavoidable President McKinley has shown a strong determination to conserve the great powers that the Constitution and various Acts of Congress placed in his hands

This was first seen in his order that no more of the $50,000,000 defense fund should be expended than was absolutely necessary, and that every dollar spent should be strictly accounted for.

The last application of this principle was with regard to the reorganization of the Army as authorized by the Congress recently closed. The President believes that an Army of 65,000 men is sufficient for all present purposes, and therefore does not wish to enlist the additional 35 000 volunteers

Even the composition of the reorganized Regular Army falls nearly 500 men below the legal limit, and at that strength is deemed large enough. He has suggested the happy expedient of enlisting a small native force in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico to serve with the American troops, subject to the approval of the American commanders at each place respectively

In Porto Rico, where all classes appear to be in haste to become Americanized at the earliest moment, General Henry, approving the suggestion, has been authorized to enlist a native contingent, and has already received more applications than he could grant

Turkey Developing Under American Direction

To the many evidences which the POST has already cited of the large and growing favor with which American machinery and manufactures are being received in the industrial centres of the world, it now adds that of the engagement of Dr. Cabell Whitehead, assayer of the United States Mint, to be Director-General of Industries in Turkey

This office, recently created by the Turkish Government, is designed to promote a new era of manufacturing in the Ottoman Empire, where the superiority of American technical, commercial and scientific methods has been forced on the Government by its dealings with other nations

Some new and very extensive manufacturing plants are being established in Constantinople, and the Government, anxious to secure the highest type of mechanical work and the best men to execute it, has come to the United States to secure a supervising expert. Doctor Whitehead is a graduate of Lehigh and Columbia Universities, and in age is still this side of forty.

Old-Time Chivalry Still Active in the American Navy

Two pleasing evidences that the chivalrous spirit that animated the old-time American Navy did not pass away with the old-time methods are presented in the communications of Rear-Admiral Sampson to the President, and Rear Admiral Higginson to the Secretary of the Navy

In view of the fact that the last Senate failed to confirm the President's nominations of naval officers for promotion, and believing that the cause was an objection to his own promotion, Rear-Admiral Sampson asks the President to renew the rewards to officers about whom there has been no discussion, thus removing his own name from the list

The case of Rear-Admiral Higginson is peculiar in several respects. As Captain, he commanded the battle ship Massachusetts at Santiago, but came up too late to get into the action. The President nominated him to be a Commodore, and this nomination was the only one of the Santiago officers that the Senate confirmed

Under the new naval personnel bill, which abolished the grade of Commodore, Higginson became a Rear-Admiral, ranking ahead of Picking, Rogers and Kempff Unwilling to be placed in advance of the three officers, whom he felt had superior claims to promotion, he asks the Secretary of the Navy not to promote him over them.

Adopting Our School System to the Needs of Cuba

Through the report of General John Eaton we have been made acquainted with the educational needs of Porto Rico, and the report of a Board appointed by General Wood to plan a system for the Province of Santiago gives a view of what experts believe would be advantageous for the whole of Cuba

Up to a certain point conditions on both islands are alike. Where they diverge Cuba is the most affected. The first need for all of Cuba is a system of primary, grammar and high schools, as public schools in the United States are graded, with attendance compulsory and tuition absolutely free

The schools must be supported from public funds, and should be divided into kindergartens, elementary, municipal and superior primary schools, with high schools only after the primary ones are thoroughly established English should be taught and religious instruction prohibited in all schools Provincial and municipal councils should control all such schools

A single university is regarded as sufficient for the entire island, and that, with normal schools and correctional institutions, should be provided and supported by the general Government of the island.

Opening to Universal Trade the Greatest Market-Place in the World

Of all the great commercial fairs of Europe that have survived the increase of population, the development of the railroad, and the opening of large local markets, that of Nijni-Novgorod, in Russia, is the most notable

During the annual season of the fair, from the middle of July till the middle of September, it is the greatest market-place in the world. The buyers and sellers who represent the commercial interests of Russia and the buying public of all Eastern and Asiatic Russia gather there by the hundreds of thousands, and sales yield an average of $100,000,000 annually

Heretofore, the people outside of the Empire who have been attracted to this fair have been tourists and mere sightseers. This year will mark a radical departure in the ancient scope of the Nijni-Novgorod fair, which, if the intentions of the Russian Government are carried out, will be thrown open to the buyers and sellers of the world.

An effort is being made to induce the manufacturers of machinery, agricultural implements and other time savers in all countries to send to the coming fair not only exhibits, but business representatives with whom buyers may come into contact. The presence of American specimens and men who understand them is particularly desired.

The Ritualistic War in the Church of England

Queen Victoria, who has always taken a large and active interest in the affairs of the Church of England, is much distressed by recent developments in the controversy concerning ritualistic practices in the Church

Experienced Churchmen believe that present conditions are pointing toward a crisis which may involve the disestablishment of the Church

For much of the existing trouble the sensational disturbances of John Kensit, in London, are responsible, and the controversy has reached the stage where the disendowment of the Church and the eviction of the Bishops from the House of Lords are both threatened

The Queen has exerted her personal influence to bring about an understanding between the Government and Bishops before the proposed legislation is introduced into Parliament, a part of which would put a check on the ritualistic practices that have been incorporated in the regular service of some of the churches

Where the Last Congress Left the United States Navy

IN THE POST we noted at the time that the House Naval Committee of Congress proposed a generous treatment of the service in the matter of new ships, agreeing to recommend three battle-ships of about 13,500 tons each, three armored cruisers of about 12,000 tons each, and six high-speed cruisers of about 2500 tons each

When the naval appropriation bill came up in the House the price to be paid for armor was reduced from the former rate of $545 per ton to $445, but the Senate cut this figure down to $300, and also added a clause appropriating $2,000,000 for the establishment of a Government plant in case armor-plate companies refused to accept the $300 rate

On its return to the House the bill had the additional clause stricken out, and was passed with the Senate's limit of price for armor, and with a provision that no works should be commenced on the hulls of the new ships till the armor had been contracted for.

As no armor can be purchased at the price fixed by the Senate, no new construction work can be started till after the next Congress has provided for the armor. All that the Department can do in the meantime is to work up the plans for the new vessels and continue work on the fifty-one vessels of all kinds that are under construction or already contracted for

Appointing Members of Congress to Other Offices

It will be remembered that early in the last session of the Fifty-fifth Congress the question was raised as to the right of members of the Senate and House to accept special appointments from the President without first vacating their seats in Congress.

In the Senate the matter of the members who had served on the Hawaiian, Joint High and American Peace Commissions was sent to the Judiciary Committee, which decided that such appointments could not be legally made

In the House the question concerned General Wheeler and also several other Representatives who had accepted commissions in the Volunteer Army. During the session those Generals who were not at the front refrained from direct participation in the business of the House, and near its close the House practically voted by a large majority that they had not vacated their seats by accepting military commissions.

It is to be noted that the Judiciary Committee of the House had reported favorably on the resolution to declare the seats vacant, which the House refused to allow to be called up; hence both Houses by their Judiciary Committees decided that members could not accept such appointments and at the same time hold their seats.

Foreign States Adjusting Their Mutual Differences

At the moment of this writing a phenomenal era of reconciliation seemed dawning on nations having serious differences with each other. It was openly admitted that actual war had been perilously near France, Great Britain, Germany and Russia for several months

Between France and Great Britain negotiations on the Fashoda question had reached a point where an amicable settlement of the sharp controversy was in sight. Between Great Britain and Russia mutual concessions regarding their contentions in China resulted in an understanding that greatly relaxed their long-strained relations.

Germany had made unusual efforts to create a more amicable sentiment in the United States, and had allayed uneasiness in Samoa by ordering her authorities there to fully recognize Chief Justice Chambers Great Britain had accepted the proposition of Brazil to submit the Guiana boundary dispute to arbitration

The only exception was the attitude of Italy toward China in demanding a concession of Sun Moon Bay, which was curtly refused by China. This had its bright side in the positive refusal of the United States either to support the Italian demand or to take part in the dismembering of the Chinese Empire

Japan Restores a Noted College to American Missionaries

There is much rejoicing among the friends of Christian education in the United States over the information that the Japanese authorities have restored to American control the noted Doshisha College in Kioto, which was founded with American money by the late Rev. Joseph Hardy Neesima, D D

Dr. Neesima was a native of Japan, educated in the United States. He was anxious to have Christian education undertaken in his country, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions earnestly supported his plans. A charter was obtained reciting the purpose of the institution to be to promote moral and intellectual education in close union

The late J. N. Harris, of New London, Connecticut, gave the college $75,000 for a school of science, and the American Board made annual grants that amounted to $100,000. At the moment that the influence of the institution was beginning to be felt, a wave of materialism put an end to its usefulness on original lines.

The American faculty was compelled to resign, a demand for the return of the American donations was unheeded, and radical changes were made in the work of the college. After a long and bitter struggle the native trustees have turned the institution over to the American missionaries

Influence of College Training on Success in Life

The election of Miss Caroline Hazard to the Presidency of Wellesley College has a special interest in that the new incumbent is not a college bred woman. With an education as thorough and liberal as was possible at the time, she combines a high intellectual training and a tried administrative faculty

In the United States it has been a matter of special pride to point to a man or woman who had achieved high distinction without the advantages of college training. We are apt to be most interested in those who have "risen from the ranks," or "carved their own future," or "hoed their own row."

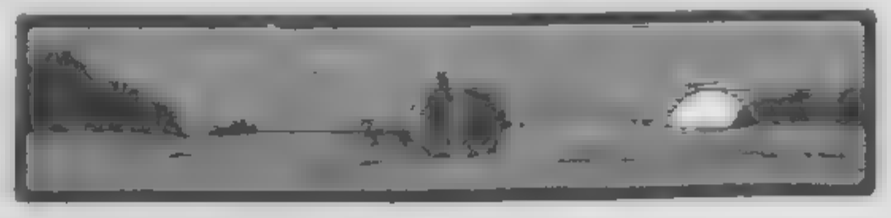
The success of thousands of men and women in every phase of mental application has been held up as an evidence that college training was not a necessity for advancement. On the other hand, there is to day a growing sentiment that the discipline of a college life adds much to the chances of success

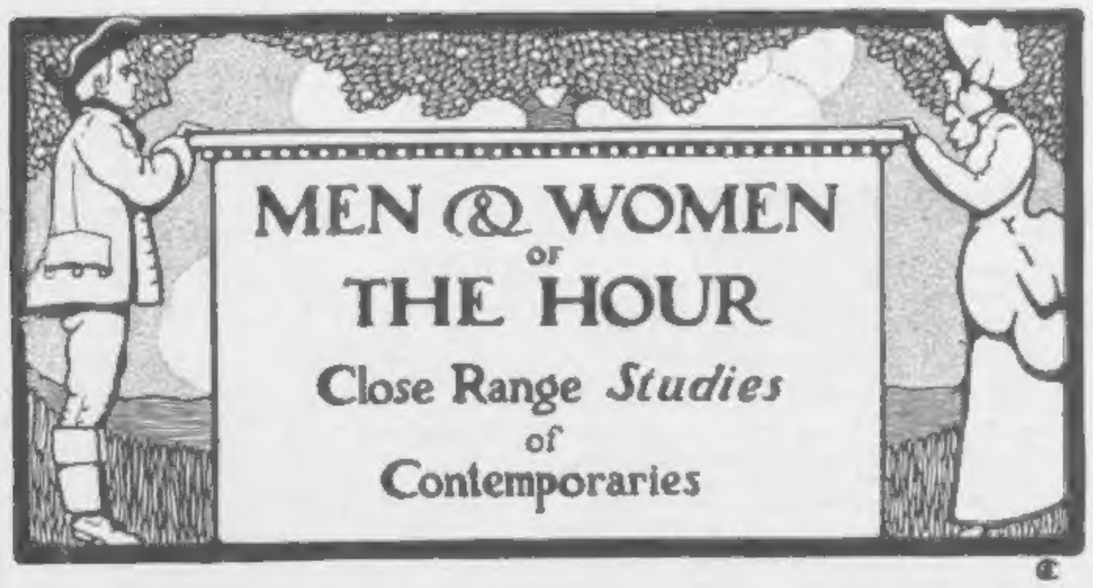
A Modern Plan for Church Work Among the Needy

The latest plan for bringing the church into closer touch with the people is that adopted by Calvary Episcopal Church in New York City, whose rector, Rev. J. Lewis Parks, D. D., became impressed with the practical utility of the idea while at the head of a parish in Philadelphia.

The scheme provides for the establishment of a store where the people of the parish only may purchase on the installment plan such dry goods as are in common use A slight profit, which will fix prices below those of ordinary installment houses, is expected to render the enterprise self supporting

As an indication of how many modern and wealthy churches are now working for the material good of the needy in their midst, it may be noted that his church already has in successful operation a wood yard, lodging-house, restaurant and tea divan.





Quay as an Indian Fighter

The country needs no further proof of Matthew Stanley Quay's ability as a fighter than the Pennsylvania Senatorial deadlock. But at one time early in life he decided to try his fighting abilities against the Indians.

When he was only about nineteen years old Quay left his home in Western Pennsylvania and settled in Texas, which was then little more than a wilderness. He had been graduated from a Northern college, so he considered himself well fitted for school teaching. This he followed for some time, and then the Comanche Indians grew troublesome. The Texas Legislature authorized the raising of a regiment of mounted rangers for service against them.

MATTHEW S. QUAY

Young Quay closed his school, took what money he had and purchased a pony and a rifle. When he arrived in Austin the Legislature had adjourned, and the Senate had refused to pass the bill authorizing the regiment.

Quay says of this: "I shall never forget the ludicrous scenes in the town on that eventful and to me unfortunate day. The town was full of young men, each with a pony and rifle, but without a dollar in their pockets and many miles from home. All had come down as I had, expecting to join the regiment, and had invested all their cash in an outfit."

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Governor Roosevelt's Versatility

One of the busiest writers of the day is Governor Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, naturalist, story-writer, biographer, historian and political scientist. He has crowded into the fourteen years of his literary life fourteen books. During this period he has been an unsuccessful candidate for New York's mayoralty, a Civil Service Commissioner, President of the New York Police Board, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Colonel of the Rough Riders, and Governor.

The marvel is, how he has managed to accomplish it all. Naturally, Mr. Roosevelt is a ready and rapid writer. Most of his early hunting tales were written on his ranch, where the convenience of a stenographer and typewriter was unknown. There he learned to compose rapidly with the pen. His manuscript is plainly written and singularly free from errors.

When Mr. Roosevelt returned East he found this practice of inestimable value. He had learned to think before writing, and dictating came naturally to him. During his frequent trips from New York to other cities he often was accompanied by a stenographer, and many a chapter of his biographical works assumed form amid the rumble of the train.

•

Kipling and Newspaper Folk

The recent illness of Kipling has recalled to a Boston newspaper man two little experiences he had with the great author. On one occasion he was sent up to Brattleboro to obtain for his paper material for a description of Mr. Kipling's home life. Having heard of the ill-success which had attended similar efforts made by other reporters, he resorted to a little strategy.

Arriving at the house, he found that some extensive repairs were going on. A little coaxing and a dollar bill induced the foreman of the gang to take off jumper and overalls and lend them to the scribe. Thus arrayed, the reporter busied himself carrying lumber and getting a careful view of the house and grounds. Fortunately Mr. Kipling himself appeared a little later and fell into conversation with the bogus workman. The chat made very good "copy."

A year or two later the same correspondent, quite by accident, fell in with Mr. Kipling on a train. He at once went over to the author and made a faithful attempt to get from him some readable opinions and information. After Mr. Kipling had answered half a dozen of his questions with monosyllables, he suddenly turned upon the young man and said decisively:

"It's really no use for you to try to get anything out of me: you see, I've been a newspaper man myself."

Now, a reporter with a dozen years' experience on metropolitan papers has not much patience with curt treatment, even from great men, so this reporter replied:

"Yes? At Simla, I presume."

That closed the interview.

•

Senator Clark, the Copper King

William Andrews Clark, the newly elected United States Senator from Montana, is the largest individual owner of copper mines and smelters in the world. Since 1863, when he arrived at Bannock, Montana, driving an ox-team from Colorado, everything that he has handled has figuratively turned to gold.

He had just finished studying law in Iowa when the gold craze caught him and hurried him off to Colorado. A year afterward he was one of the first to reach the newly discovered fields in Montana, where he worked first as a miner, then as a merchant, and subsequently as a banker.

Besides his great copper interests in Butte, Montana, and Jerome, Arizona, he has extensive plantations of coffee, tea, rubber, tobacco and other staples in Mexico and elsewhere. His net income from his various properties last year was estimated at $10,000,000.

Senator-elect Clark has several costly residences in different parts of the country, and is now building a veritable palace in New York, in which he will gather what will be an almost priceless collection of works of art, including The Choice of a Model, by Fortuny, for which he paid $42,000 at the sale of the Stewart collection a year ago.

•

The Coming Man of Cuba

To all appearances, General Maximo Gomez is fast becoming the first man in Cuba. Since his conference with Robert P. Porter, in which he learned the immediate purposes of the United States Government toward his people, he has repeatedly expressed his confidence in the good intentions of the Administration, and has exerted his powerful influence to promote the work of restoration.

His patriotic course has naturally aroused the temper of that singular body, the Cuban Military Assembly, which, unable to dictate the policy he should pursue, has impeached him and removed him from the office of Commander-in-Chief of the Cuban Army. This proscription, following his declaration that he would obey the orders of the Assembly only when they seemed for the best interest of the people, raised him higher than ever in the estimation of the masses.

The immediate cause of the Assembly's action was the acceptance of $3,000,000 for the Cuban Army by General Gomez, instead of $12,000,000, the last reduced figure of the Assembly. That body declared it had not and would not accept the $3,000,000, and was indignant because the American authorities ignored it.

MRS. McKINLEY

Mrs. McKinley as Hostess

The recent visit of President and Mrs. McKinley to Mark Hanna's Southern home has served to again draw public attention to the improvement in Mrs. McKinley's health. When she first came to the White House there were doubts as to whether she could perform the duties which devolve upon "the first lady of the land."

But she has grown much stronger and is at present enjoying excellent health. She is a most charming woman, a brilliant conversationalist and fond of society. During her illness she wore her hair short, and the President was so charmed with her appearance then that she now dresses it so that it is difficult to tell whether it is short or long.

Mrs. McKinley was the daughter of a banker, and in order to help him she entered mercantile life as his assistant, and took a great interest in the work, not from necessity but from pleasure.

She is very fond of children, and always has a kind word and a smile for the youngsters she chances to meet in the White House grounds. It is said that there are several little girls in Washington whom Mrs. McKinley entertains for the day just to have children about her.

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When Liliuokalani was Snubbed

Queen Liliuokalani is established at one of the downtown hotels in Washington, surrounded by a miniature court, who treat her with all the respect that was accorded to her when she was sovereign over the Hawaiian Islands. She is addressed as "Your Gracious Majesty," no one is allowed to remain seated in her presence, and in leaving the room the visitor is expected to back himself out.

But while her own little *entourage* recognize the importance of their mistress, she has been unable to impress people generally that she is anything more than a rather good looking, sensible mulatto. A number of people have called upon her through curiosity, and not long ago she returned one of these calls in person. The lady on whom she proposed calling was just going out and met her dusky highness at the door.

"Is Mrs. X in?" asked the Queen.

"No, she is not," replied the lady of the house.

"I regret very much to have missed her," said the Royal personage as she turned and walked down the steps.

In telling of it afterward, the lady, who was born south of Mason and Dixon's line, said: "I am reconstructed all right, but I draw the line at receiving an old darky mammy in my drawing-room."

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King Oscar's Plates

Mr. William Thomas, of Portland, Maine, American Minister at Stockholm, is a great friend of King Oscar, who has recently abdicated in favor of his son, and tells some interesting stories of that genial monarch.

When King Oscar was at Paris some years ago he went about seeing the sights incognito. Among other places, he dropped in at the Official Exposition of Sevres porcelain. Here the product of every year was arranged chronologically and with great care. Of some kinds there were full sets, but of blue celeste there were but three pieces, and the custodian informed the King that it was impossible to obtain more, and that they were of immense value.

KING OSCAR

"What," said the King, "have you only these three plates of blue celeste?"

"That is all."

"Well, then," said His Majesty, "I have many more than you."

"You!" said the custodian in amazement. "Who are you?"

"The King of Sweden."

"May I inquire, Your Majesty, how many pieces of this exquisite porcelain you have?"

"Hear thou, Nils?" said the King, turning to his first marshal, Count Rosen, who accompanied him. "How many have we?"

"Two hundred and fourteen pieces, Your Majesty."

"Heavens!" cried the astonished custodian. "How can it be possible that you have preserved them all this time?"

"Oh, that's very easily accounted for," said the King; "you see, in Sweden we don't have any revolutions."

•

When Leo XIII Saw Victoria

Away back in 1846, when Gioachimo Pecci had completed his service as Papal Nuncio at the Belgian Court and was about returning to Rome, Leopold I, father of the present King, gave him an autograph letter to Pope Gregory XVI, in which he praised the tact and intelligence of the Nuncio and bespoke for him a speedy nomination to the Cardinalate.

The Nuncio, instead of proceeding directly to Rome, determined to gratify an intense desire to see and speak with Queen Victoria. So he hastened to London, secured an audience with Her Majesty, and passed an unusually long time in conversation with her.

This visit to London so delayed him that when he reached Rome he found Pope Gregory so dangerously ill that he could not present King Leopold's letter. Soon afterward the Pope died, and the letter was presented to his successor, Pius IX, who was not over friendly to the Nuncio, and withheld the nomination for seven years.

Almost immediately after the election of Gioachimo Pecci as Pope, under the title of Leo XIII, he received a letter of congratulation from Queen Victoria, recounting the conversation of thirty-two years before. Since then the Queen and Pope have exchanged friendly autograph letters at the beginning of each year.

•

Ian Maclaren's American Gold Mine

Ian Maclaren will write no more Scotch stories—at least for the present. His next important literary work will be a life of Christ, to which he will probably devote his leisure time next year.

Doctor Watson is finding his biennial American lecture tours wonderfully remunerative. Two years ago he is said to have received $45,000 after all expenses were paid, and his present tour, which began in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on February 20, gives promise of being equally successful. This season he will travel as far north as Vancouver, British Columbia, and his closing lecture will be given in St. Paul, Minnesota, on May 5. He has planned to sail for England on May 10.

Doctor Watson's lectures have determined the popularity of Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush over all of his other works. He seldom speaks before an audience without receiving a request to read some portion of this book.

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An Indian Representative in Congress

When the President the other day appointed Congressman Sherman, of New York, to the Board of General Appraisers, Congressman Charles Curtis, of Kansas, an Indian of the Kaw tribe, became the acting chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs.

Representative Curtis is a Republican from the district embracing Topeka, and has now served three terms in Congress and holds a certificate for a fourth. He is a lawyer by profession, an earnest and accomplished speaker, and the most conspicuous "friend at court" of the red man.

Much of the practical legislation for the Indians in the last six years has been based on his initiative or judgment, and in the recent enactments concerning the Indian Territory he has probably had a larger share than any other Representative, though with the modesty characteristic of his race he has preferred a background station.

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MINIATURE PORTRAITS

The President's Characteristic Reply.—Not long ago President McKinley was addressing a great audience in Philadelphia. At the close of the affair the people were closely crowded about the entrance, held back by the police until after the President should have left. Some one, mindful of the President's convenience, suggested that he leave by a rear door.

"No, I will leave by the front door. I never retrace my steps," was the characteristic reply of the President.

Salisbury as a Miner.—Lord Salisbury, England's Prime Minister, once handled a pick and shovel. During the great Australian gold craze he set out as a gold-hunter, and the hovel in which he lived as a rough, red-shirted miner is still standing.

As Simpson Sees It.—Jerry Simpson, the famous "sockless" Congressman, recently addressed the Chicago Single-Tax Club. In the course of his remarks he said: "This Government, failing to inculcate a love of liberty in the Filipinos, has concluded to shoot it into them."

Emperor William as a Robber.—Emperor William never plays cards except for very low stakes. Yet in a game with a Leipzig lawyer, once upon a time, the latter lost twenty marks. He laughingly exclaimed: "I have got into a regular robbers' den."

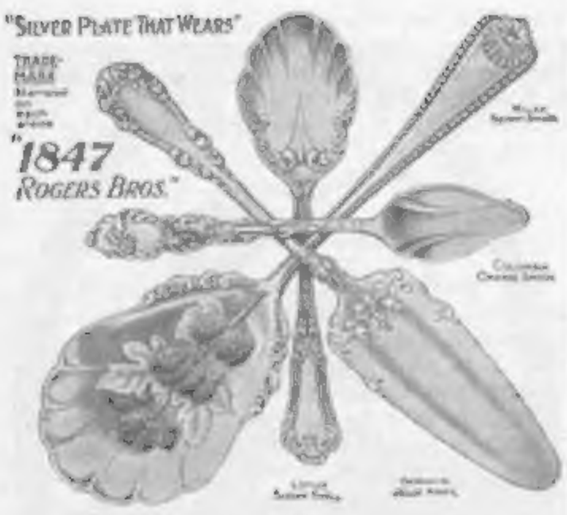
Everybody roared with laughter, the Emperor as heartily as the rest. When His Majesty was staying, the following year, at Barby, and noticed the lawyer, he went up to him, handed him a twenty-mark piece set in diamonds, in the form of a scarf pin, and said: "Restored by the robbers."

D'Ennery's Ready Wit.—Adolphe d'Ennery, the French dramatist, who died recently, had a ready and pungent wit. One of his rivals once remarked: "This d'Ennery is a true Jew; that is why he never produces a play without interest." "Ah," replied d'Ennery, "what a good Christian you are!"

Lipton and Gordon College.—Early on his arrival in London, Lord Kitchener paid a visit to Sir Thomas Lipton, and the proposed Gordon College at Khartum was mentioned. Sir Thomas Lipton paused for a moment and said:

"Either I shall give all the money, or I shall give a small subscription."

But before Sir Thomas could do either the matter was taken up by the public, and the general response was so hearty that the second alternative alone was left to Sir Thomas. However, his "small subscription" was a matter of $2500.



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WHY PEOPLE DON'T GO TO CHURCH ∴ ∴

By Rev. William S. Rainsford

THE people of this day and generation think vastly more of the almighty dollar than they do of Almighty God. Not only do they sacrifice themselves for money, but they sacrifice their children. Never in the history of the world were the people grasping for golden baubles in the market-place as they are to-day. They are drunk with the passion of money-getting. They stay away from church because the ministers in the pulpits do not know what to say to them.

The time has come when the old truths must be re-stated. Our ministers are simply saying over and over again the same old things. They must be changed in order to interest and to hold; but the preachers are helpless to do this. So the people do not go to church.

They are not interested by what they hear in the churches; their interest is not held. How can you expect the ordinary man to want to go Sunday after Sunday and listen to something that neither interests him nor gives him new ideas?

The remedy for this state of affairs is progress, thought, evolution. It is the history of the world that there have been periods of this sort in everything,—periods of depression, of seeming disintegration. And the greatest of all remedies for it is knowledge.

If the people could be interested in the church, if they could have the great truths re-stated to them instead of being rolled over and over and over again in sleepy fashion, the congregations would not dwindle. Until the time comes when these truths can be re-stated, clothed in new language, framed with new arguments, there is bound to be a falling away of congregations. I will not say that there are twenty-five per cent. less people attending church than there were ten years ago, but the difference is very appreciable.

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As a matter of fact, the bravest men of a generation are the ones who are set upon, stoned, persecuted, all because they have the foresight, the wisdom, that enables them to progress far in advance of their fellows. It is more often the brave men in the front rank who fall in battle, while those in the second rank, not quite so brave, perhaps, get the medals. Those who follow in the footsteps of the advance guard of humanity in the world's progress gain the credit, while the real inventors are hardly known.

The men and women of to-day are ruining themselves by straining after luxuries,—the women more than the men. Take our high-strung American women. They make up their minds to achieve a certain position, to make certain progress, and they achieve, they make; but they also pay the price.

Here in the United States we see the greatest craze for money-getting that exists in any part of the world. In a measure it is this that depopulates our churches. The strain is so great on a man during the week that when it comes Sunday he says: "Oh, I must rest. I cannot go to church. I must recuperate." He uses the Lord's day to recuperate, solely that he may be in better condition to resume his money-grabbing pursuits on the following Monday.

•

I do not argue for the Puritan Sunday. No intelligent persons to-day believe in the Sabbath. They know it is the day of the Lord, and that is what they believe in. A great many people play golf and ride bicycles instead of going to church. I have no objection to outdoor exercise on Sunday, but that can be enjoyed and the Lord remembered as well.

First, remember it is the Lord's day, and then take the exercise. My boys go bicycle riding and play football and baseball and that sort of thing on Sunday afternoon, and I see no reason why they should not. But they always go to church in the morning. They remember the Lord's day and then have a good outdoor run in the afternoon. Every summer I give a silver cup as a prize for some out-of-door exercise, and it is competed for on Sunday.

One might as well blame boys for wanting to be out-of-doors on Sundays as to blame the man who, having no bright or cheerful place to go to, seeks the saloon. He does that because he wants companionship, because he wants some brightness in his life, because he wants to talk things over with his fellows. The boys, the men, young and old, go out of doors, play ball or ride a bicycle, because they want to enjoy the gifts which Nature has bestowed on them. These things and the remembrance of the Lord's day may as well go hand in hand.

George Meredith said: "More brains, O Lord; give us more brains or we perish." That is exactly the need of the world. The preachers need more brains to enable them to know what to say and how to say it. The fundamental principles of religion remain unchanged, but they must be made clear and plain to the people. Until that time comes the congregations are bound to grow smaller and smaller, and nothing will stop them.

We have one thing to look forward to; we have another to congratulate ourselves upon. The first of these is that the world is growing more intellectual every day. And this is the second: Our young men are of a much higher grade than their fathers. One feature of the money-getting craze and passion is that so absorbed have many fathers been that they have kept away from their children, and it has been a good thing for the children. They have had better influences about them; they have been more susceptible to the influences of their good teachers.

The one immediate, present hope of this day and generation is for all thinking men to stand together. We cannot bring people into the churches in any other way. We cannot all be leaders; neither, to accomplish the best results, should each man work by himself.

It is the old story of the father, the four sons and the faggots. Said the father to one of the sons, pointing to a bundle of faggots, "Take one of those; break it across your knee." It was broken. Once, twice, thrice the process was repeated. "Now, my son," said the father, "try to break four faggots at once." He failed to break them, and thus was the lesson taught.

So it is with the men who would bring the people to that point where they wish to attend church. They must stand together, for in united action only lies success.

• • •

TOLD OF AUTHORS

Davis' Slow and Careful Work.—Richard Harding Davis is in retirement at present in his old quarters in German London, whither he has gone to rest and better combat his old-time foe, sciatica. His war correspondence work in the West Indies came near to bearing serious results.

Mr. Davis is a slow writer who demands almost complete isolation during his labors. He was nearly a year writing his Soldiers of Fortune, and The King's Jackal took him about as long. He will remain abroad for at least several months.

•

Stephen Crane's New War Serial.—Stephen Crane has returned to his former home, chosen after the close of the Greek War, in Raven's Brook, Oxted, Surrey, England, a few miles from London's centre. He is within a mile of the home of Robert Barr, and was a near neighbor as well as a close friend of the late Harold Frederic.

Mr. Crane is working upon a 70,000-word novel founded upon incidents in the Greco-Turkish conflict. His publishers in New York already have more than half the manuscript in hand. The story promises to equal in strength and interest his former success, The Red Badge of Courage. It will probably be published in the fall.

•

Business Men in Literature.—Rich men we have in literature, and business men also. There is F. Hop. Smith, who is one of the largest lighthouse builders in the country, and James Alexander, Vice-President of the great Equitable Life Insurance Association of New York, whose Princeton stories are still yielding his publishers a steady revenue. The third notable man is Samuel Harden Church, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Pennsylvania Company, who is commemorating the four hundredth anniversary of Oliver Cromwell's birth, on April 25, 1599, by bringing out an edition de luxe of the history of the great commoner which was published in this country in 1894.

•

How Hopkinson Smith Began at the Top.—Anthony Hope, with his Prisoner of Zenda, and Frank R. Stockton, with his The Lady or the Tiger, are not the only authors who set high standards for their future work early in their literary careers. F. Hopkinson Smith, the lighthouse builder, painter and novelist, faced the same obstacle many years ago. He had just sent into The Century office his second short story, which graphically depicted the heroism of a submarine artisan in his company's employ. It was a true story, and human interest was in every line of it.

I was in his business office the morning after his "copy" had been turned in. Mr. Smith was a curious picture of gratification and depression. "What do you think of this?" he asked, and he handed me a letter of Richard Watson Gilder which praised his story warmly and ended by expressing a fear that he would not be able to maintain the same interest in those that were to come.

"I'm afraid I won't. I'm afraid I won't," he said.

"Of course you will, Frank," replied his partner. "You've told lots of better stories."

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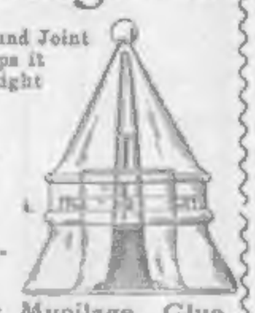

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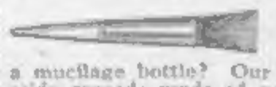

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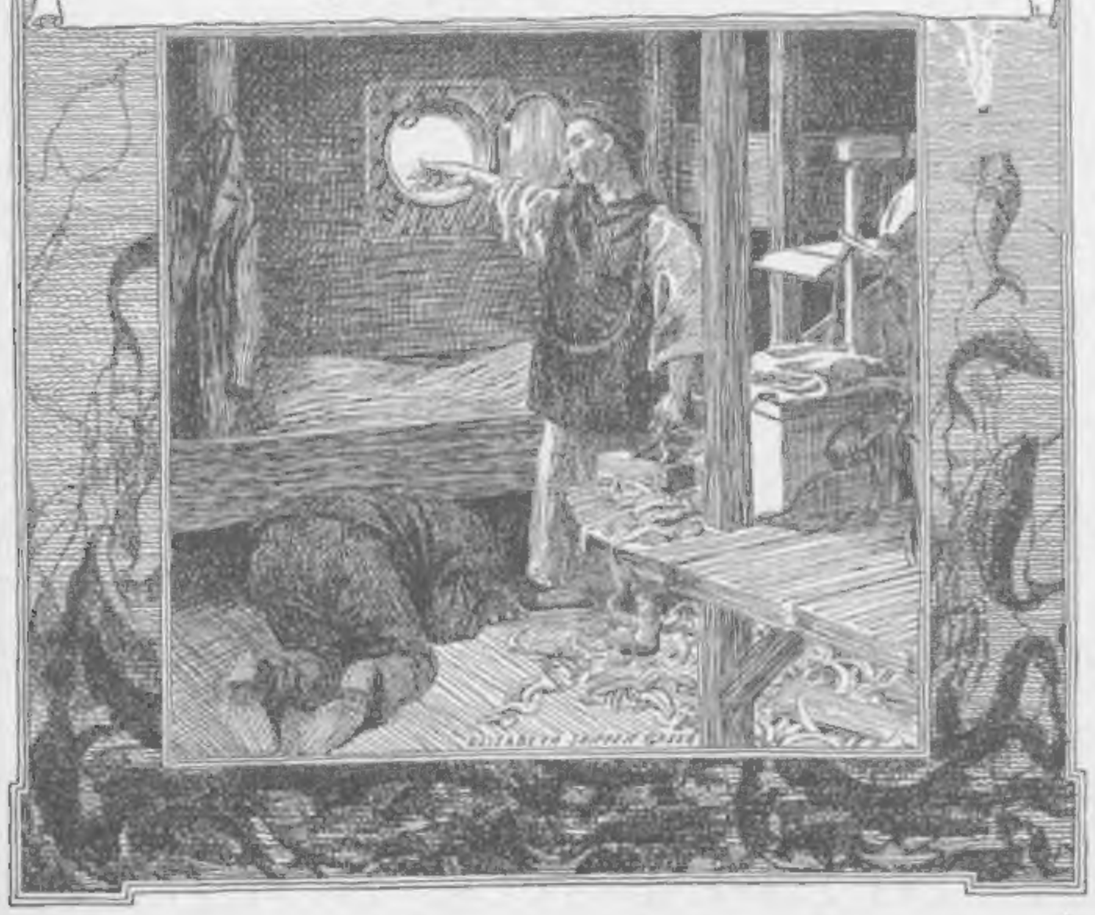
AH YUM'S DIPLOMACY

By W. A. Fraser



WHEN Ah Yum bought the opium in Calcutta, twelve balls of it, as large as golf balls, he took a solemn oath on a slip of yellow paper that he was going to China. Everybody must do that,—not swear that they are going to China, exactly, but swear where they are going to take the opium.

In Burma, for instance, where the licenses to sell it are farmed out, nobody but the Government itself may take it in.

So Ah Yum declared, innocently, that he was bound for the Flowery Kingdom; and then went aboard the Karagola, as usual. He was ship's carpenter on the Karagola, and she ran regularly to Rangoon. It seemed rather an absent-minded way of getting to China.

It was quite by accident that I had seen Ah Yum buying the opium; it may have been a continuation of the accident that made me a passenger on the Karagola for Rangoon.

When I first saw Ah Yum on the steamer he was chipping away at a new tiller for the Captain's gig with a funny little hand-ax shaped like an iron wedge.

It seemed odd to find him there, and I asked the Second Officer about him. Perhaps he was going overland to China from Rangoon.

"Not he," said the "Second"; "he runs regularly up and down with us here."

•

Ah Yum was certainly interesting.

I began to sound the Second Officer about smuggling and that sort of thing. He was right at home on the subject, and spread such an air of romance about it that I almost regretted my wasted life. It seemed such a picturesque thing to do,—to cheat Her Majesty's customs.

His predecessor as Second Officer had been a "top-sawyer" at the business. "Ah! He was the man to do them up. Got caught at last, though. No! not exactly caught, for he fooled them even then."

Now it's part of the regulation for "the Second" to take the mail ashore at each port. His friend had a private mail bag of his own that he used to land at one of the ports; it looked just like the others, only it carried opium.

He would walk right through the customs officers, put his mail bags into a gharry, and drive to the post-office. His own bag would get shoved under the seat, and later would turn up where he sold the opium to a Chinaman.

One day an evil dragon whispered to the customs people about this thing; and an unwise inspiration came into their heads to go out and catch him as he was coming ashore with the mail.

Ah! if they had only waited till he landed,—but they didn't; and "Jack,"—that was his name,—slipped his bag overboard when he saw them coming.

He had to leave the service; but he didn't mind that, for he had made his pile.

•

This story about the "Second" put my thoughts in touch with the game while we were getting to Rangoon. Nothing happened until the little customs cutter, flying the blue flag, pulled alongside the steamer in the Irawadi, at that city.

All the way from Calcutta I had been wondering where Ah Yum had hidden the opium. Of course it was none of my business, but that doesn't matter when a man is interested. Now, if I keep close, I argued, when I saw the customs officer step over the side, I shall see sport. It was simply that the thing had taken hold of me. I was not connected with the customs myself, but was insanely curious.

The officer was a little, fat, half-caste Portuguese. He, too, was curious as to Ah Yum. It seemed contagious; or perhaps those devil-wires that the Government had stretched from Calcutta to Rangoon had talked to him.

He made straight for the Chinaman's quarters. Ah Yum was in his cabin; he was working in a slow, methodical, Chinese fashion, putting a new handle in a queer, alligator-nosed plane.

"Got any opium, John?" queried the officer blandly.

"Opin! opin! What that?" asked Ah Yum, with a face as devoid of intelligence as a tan boot.

"Something to give you free board at the Queen's expense for a few months," said the Portuguese, looking as solemn as Ah Yum.

Of course the Chinaman couldn't understand that; he was busy with his plane.

•

The officer commenced to search the cabin. Presently he found something under the bunk,—several somethings,—stowed away in an old flat-rimmed hat.

He was head and shoulders under the wooden frame of the bed; and, as he put his hand on each black ball of opium, he reached up and put it on the mattress above, without withdrawing his head.

I was casually lighting a cheroot just outside the cabin door. It took me a long time, and as each black ball came up I counted it. "One!" I said, as the chubby hand of the Portuguese placed the first ball on the not over-clean bed; "Two!" as the hand came up again.

But, no!—there was only one, as it rolled down into the hollow where the Chinaman's hips had rested.

I blinked my eyes. Surely—ah! There were none now.

Ah Yum was staring stolidly out of the port-hole.

I counted the twelve balls put up, one by one; and twelve times I saw Ah Yum listlessly stretch out an attenuated yellow hand and drop a ball pensively through the open port.

When the searcher pulled his head from underneath the vile-smelling bunk and straightened his aching back, he recoiled with a cry of rage and astonishment. *There was not one ball in sight!*

•

Ah Yum was looking toward Canton,—Canton, far away in distant China. There was a homesick look in his eyes.

"Where's the opium, John?" gasped the officer in a bewildered sort of way.

"I no see opin,—you see?" asked Ah Yum, coming slowly back from Canton.

"You've thrown it through the port-hole, you yellow heathen!" said the Portuguese, turning a dismal purple in his rage. "You've thrown it through the port-hole to destroy the evidence."

"I no see opin," said Ah Yum sadly.

At last my cigar was lighted. My friend who was to meet me had come on board and was calling to me.

The English language, full as it is of strong expletives, was not sufficient for the requirements of the little, fat Portuguese. He was swearing from both sides of the house of his parentage.

Without the opium as evidence his case against Ah Yum was as a haunted house without a ghost.

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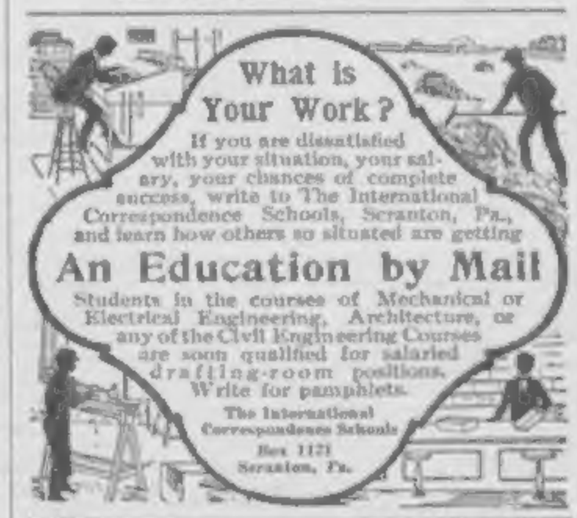
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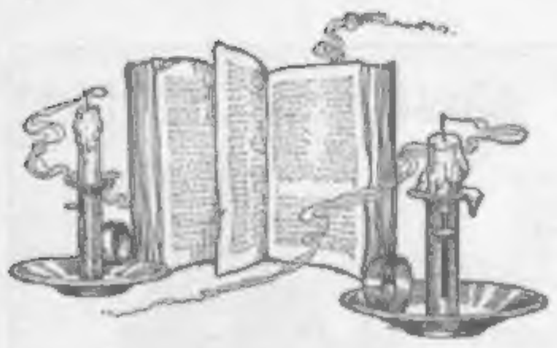

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD ON THE LOVE LETTERS OF THE BROWNINGS

THE sensation in the literary world caused by the publication by Harper & Brothers of the love letters which passed between Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, in 1845-6, during their courtship, increases with time. In addition to the varied topics that two such erratic poets would be apt to rhapsodize over, these letters contemptuously mention two American poets by name, and all American letters in general. Of the group of writers thus criticised, the only notable survivor is Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet and critic.

"Everything that the Brownings wrote about American writers in these letters was founded upon ignorance and contempt," said Mr. Stoddard to me in his library the other day. "Their criticisms betray ignorance and a general cocksureness."

There are two passages in particular which evoked the poet's indignation. The first was written by Mr. Browning on December 19, 1845, and the second by Mrs. Browning on the day following. Here is the first:

> "And speaking of verse,—somebody gave me a few days ago that Mr. Lowell's book you once mentioned to me. Any one who admires you shall have my sympathy at once. . . . But these American books should not be reprinted here,—one asks what and where is the class to which they address themselves, for no doubt we have our congregations of ignoramuses that enjoy the profoundest ignorance on the subjects treated of; but these are evidently not the audience that Mr. Lowell reckons on; rather, if one may trust the manner of his setting to work, he would propound his doctrine to this class."

The second is as follows:

> "How right you are about Mr. Lowell! He has a refined fancy and is graceful for an American critic, but the truth is, otherwise, that he knows nothing of English poetry, or the next to nothing, and has merely had a dream of the early dramatists. . . . How a writer of his talents and pretensions could make up his mind to make up a book on such slight substratum is a curious proof of the state of literature in America. . . . You would call it a pretty book, would you not? . . . Mr. Matthews said of him, having met him once in society, that he was the concentration of conceit in appearance and manner."

"James Russell Lowell," said Mr. Stoddard, "was only twenty-six years old in 1845, but all the work he had done was done well. He never wrote anything upon any subject with which he was not familiar.

"His first book, A Year's Life, appeared four years before that time, and he was already a prominent figure in the world of letters. He was even then a man to be taken seriously. Although he was only one year older than I, he began his work much earlier than I did. I brought out my first book, Footprints, in 1848. There are only three copies left. I destroyed all the rest. I paid a good price for one and gave it to Edmund Clarence Stedman, and a book collector has one that he wants $100 for. (He never will get it.) I have the third.

•

"But to return to the Brownings. Let us look at American literature in 1845! Irving, Bryant and Cooper were old men. Holmes, Whittier and Emerson had already won recognition. Hawthorne had written his Twice Told Tales, and Longfellow had published his Voices of the Night in 1839. That is the American literature that should not be reprinted in England! Our literature then was as far along as it is now, only in a different direction."

In a letter dated January 26, 1846, Mrs. Browning has this to say about Edgar Allan Poe:

> "Oh, and I send you besides a most frightful extract from an American magazine sent to me yesterday,—no, the day before,—on the subject of mesmerism, and you are to understand, if you please, that the Mr. Edgar Poe who stands committed in it is my dedicator, whose dedication I forgot by the way, with the rest, so while I am sending you shall have his poems with his mesmeric experience, and decide whether the outrageous compliment to E. B. B. or the experiment on M. Valdemar goes furthest to prove him mad. There is poetry in the man, though, now and then, seen between the great gaps of bathos. Politian will make you laugh as the Raven made me laugh, though with something in it which accounts for the hold it took upon people such as Mr. N. P. Willis and his peers. . . . Some of the lyrics have power of a less questionable sort."

"The idea of the Raven making her laugh!" commented Mr. Stoddard warmly. "That is pure contemptuousness. I can tell you an odd story about Mrs. Browning and the Raven. Whatever her private opinion of the poem was, she certainly gave Poe to understand that she liked it. She wrote to him about as follows: 'Our great poet, Mr. Browning, was most struck with the rhythm of the Raven.' Poe's vanity led him to alter this commendation to read, 'Mr. Browning is enthusiastic in his praise of the Raven.' Griswold discovered this alteration in Poe's paper. Poe, you see, was fool enough to keep all the letters he ever received. Thus his fraud was discovered.

"What do I think of publishing the letters?" added the poet musingly. "It seems to me, if I had been Mr. Browning's son and had cared to preserve my father's and mother's love letters I would have given them to the British Museum under proper restrictions, but never to a book printer. They were not intended for the public."

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WATTERSON ON THE WAR WITH SPAIN

HENRY WATTERSON'S History of the Spanish-American War (The Werner Company, Akron) is a handsome volume of nearly 700 pages.

Beginning with the destruction of the Maine, Mr. Watterson carries his story down to the conclusion of the peace negotiations in Paris. He writes with a cursive eloquence and a sense of contemporary excitement that are singularly appropriate to the splendid story he has to tell. Indeed, the book was written day by day and has the freshness and vim of good journalism.

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Mr. Watterson has drawn largely from the newspapers and magazines, and his pages are brightened by many of those touching but minor incidents that the dignified historian of the future is likely to pass by. Very wisely, we think, no notice is taken of the controversies that have grown out of the war, and no attempt is made to settle the disputed claims of rival Commanders. As Admiral Schley observed, there is "glory enough to go round."

Equally admirable are the references to the "enemy." Spain has no reason to be ashamed of her part in the conflict, and few will quarrel with Mr. Watterson's statement that "throughout the United States, at least, the Spanish character stands higher to-day than it did before the war."

On the whole, this is a timely and opportune book, and one that will not be lightly superseded. It is profusely illustrated with half-tone drawings and colored pictures. An appendix contains the reports of the naval Commanders and the text of the peace treaty.

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THE PROSE OF BATTLE

IT IS quite evident that in The Fight for Santiago Stephen Bonsal had no intention of writing history. His book,—"a transcript of the blurred and mildewed notes which I made in the field,"—is a jumble of impressions, anecdotes, prejudices, with here and there a long stretch of descriptive writing. It is eminently readable, and has an air of realism that one does not find in more authentic stories of the war.

Mr. Bonsal describes how a man falls out of the ranks, what hues harden into his dead face, the grim burials in the trenches,—in a word, he gives the "prose of battle." He seems to have had the good fortune to have been on hand whenever the Generals discussed matters, and (like Herodotus) he has reported all their speeches. Many of the officers and soldiers also confide to him their "last words" before charging up the hill to victory and death. All these episodes are well told or well imagined.

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Long ago it was pointed out with how little wisdom the world is governed. If Mr. Bonsal is to be believed, with infinitely less wisdom was Santiago taken. He accuses General Wheeler not only of direct disobedience to orders, but of having unnecessarily caused "most of the suffering and hardship of the troops"; and for this accusation he offers no evidence. Indeed, Mr. Bonsal holds a brief for General Shafter, and the controversial parts of his book are tempestuous and unfair.

One of his anecdotes of General Wheeler may be repeated here, for it breaks no bones and shows only that a good soldier may be a good politician as well. During the war the little General was fighting an uphill Congressional election. After the surrender he summoned his secretary.

"Have you the list of all the voters in Buncombe County ready?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; as you told me, I carry it about my neck in a little waterproof bag."

"Sit right down, then, and write a personal letter which I will sign and,—stay,—say to each man that when the Spaniards surrendered to me I thought of him, and knowing how the folks at home would prize it, I inclose a leaf which I plucked during the historic moment from the tree under which the Spaniards surrendered."

And so letters and leaves were sent and the little General won the battle of Buncombe County as he had that of Santiago. (Doubleday & McClure.)

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